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POEMS.

POEMS.

BY

LYDIA L. A. VERY.

١

"Footprints, that perhaps another Sailing v'er life's solemn main, A forlorn and shipwrecked brother, Seeing, shall take heart again."

ANDOVER:

PRINTED BY W. F. DRAPER.

1856. Æ

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by L . L . A . VERY,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

TO MY MOTHER,

THIS VOLUME

IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED,

L. L. A. V.

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POEMS.

WELCOME TO THE NEW YEAR.

Welcome, New Year! though we are growing old,
And life looks sadder than it seemed of yore,
And Winter's fleecy robe with ermined fold
Doth bear a blemish unperceived before,
And falling storms, grateful to boyhood's ears,
Bring up stern poverty's distracting fears,
Yet welcome thou!

Welcome to Childhood! with thy toys and books—
Thine out-door games, the coasting and the slide,
With graceful skating o'er thy frozen brooks—
Childhood's own joys to tott'ring Age denied.

Welcome to Childhood, tho' thy months must bring The April skies that shadow life's young spring With smiles and tears.

Welcome to Age! e'en though thy steps shall lead Them nearer to their Father's home of rest! Thine autumn shall perchance give them the seed Of holy purposes, a long life blest; And when their son is set behind life's hill, Its rays reflected shall be with us still To give us light!

Welcome, New Year! tho' Freedom, God's best gift, Unto three million souls has been denied, It may be thine the darksome veil to lift! Through thee be heard who long in bonds have cried!

The South confess at Slavery's funeral pyre "The laborer is worthy of his hire," Whate'er his skin.

Welcome, New Year! tho' foul intemp'rance reign,
And men for gold their brethren daily kill,
Set thou upon their brows the mark of Cain!
And by their hideousness warn men from ill!
May one-eyed Law no longer pass them by,
But pour their liquors where their victims lie
In public sight!

Welcome, New Year! may politicians seek

To elect the principles more than the man!

Learn how men act rather than how they speak,

Nor seek the party good to public ban!

Nor men to office-seeking whole lives give—

The office will come to them where they live,

If worth the search!

Welcome, New Year! may party sects no more
Of anise, mint and cummin, pay their tithes,
And weightier matters of the law give o'er—
Wash judgment, mercy, faith, from out their lives!

Cleansing so faithfully the outward part, Leaving iniquity within the heart!

"Oh fools and blind!"

Welcome, New Year! thy hand is placed in ours,
Where'er thou leadest, with thee we must go!
Be it a thorny road, or path of flowers,
Still with thy seasons may our spirits grow!
That we in Spring new hopes and freshness find,
And-our life's Autumn have its sheaves to bind,
God grant to all!

THE OLD YEAR.

The year is dead!

It seems but yesterday

He came among us as a little child —

The bird's soft twitter sounding o'er his way,

While spring's pure blossoms in his bright locks smiled.

The year is dead!

His changing work is done—

Seed-time and harvest have returned once more;

His race is ended with the setting sun

That casts its last pale beams the hill-tops o'er.

The year is dead!

The hopes laid up in him,

Granted or blighted, all have past away—

To all save childhood earth-life grows more dim,

The flight of years becoming as a day!

The year is dead!

Not all who hailed its birth,

With friendly greeting or with earnest prayer,

Are gathered round the board; beside the hearth;

Some tearful eyes behold a vacant chair!

The year is dead!

It seems but yesterday

He came among us as a little child —

'The bird's soft twitter sounding o'er his way,

While spring's pure blossoms in his bright locks smiled.

THE OLD YEAR'S CHARGE.

Twas midnight: through the street,

(Sounding like blast
Old Winter blows upon his horn,)

A carriage glided past;

Two forms within it sat;

The one a child,

Whose cheeks like ruddy apples shone,

And oft he gayly smiled.

Beside him, shiv'ring, crouched,
Feeble and weak,
With silv'ry hair, a pale, old man;
And as he tried to speak,

His accents tremulous

As autumn leaf,

Which from the tree the wind would tear Despite its plaintive grief.

Thus to the child he spoke:

"How gay thou art!

Once like the birds I carolled forth—

And joyance filled my heart!

Thy task before thee lies—

To this poor home

Where I brought want and suffering,

Let hope and gladness come!

Their cruise fill to the brim —

Let better days

With plenty overrun the board!

Then go thy ways.

Here where the sick one lies,

And hope hath fled,

And like a flower foot-crushed at morn

Hangs down her fair young head,

Go breathe of health and strength —
Of sweet, fresh air —

The woods her feet shall tread once more, With summer verdure fair!

This circle whence I led

The youngest forth,

When Death upon the threshold stood — And darkness filled the earth!

Bring to them earnest joy; Let new life come!

Put in their midst a little child Fresh from his Father's home!

And here where I gave wealth, Till riot reigned,

And Waste looked coldly on the poor,*

Nor felt at Mis'ry pained.

Bring thou sharp poverty — And let them feel,

By sore experience wiser grown,

The pangs they would not heal!

There where disease bows down,

And dark despair

Hath marked the suff'rer for her own,

With woes too hard to bear,

O call Death unto him!

Earth hath no charms,

When the soul seeks through anguish won

Its Saviour's outstretched arms!

Where ignorance abounds,

Send thou the good

To shed the light of knowledge round,

And give the mind its food."

Still as they passed along,
From casements spread
Hands that would stay the Old Year's flight;
Seeking, before he fled,

To heal the wounds their words
In passion gave —
Forsake their sins, their lives to mend,
Their victim's fame to save!

But onward, onward still,

Like hurrying blast,

The carriage from them rolled away,

And fled with it the Past!

Then from the tall Church Towers,

With brazen throats,

The Bells rang forth a merry peal:

Pleased with their changing notes,

The child re-echoed forth

Each passing sound;

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight,

Nine, ten, 'leven, twelve, a round!"

The carriage stopped; the child, His rosy face Pressed to the Old Year's cold, pale lips, In one long, last embrace!

Then in the street leaped down
The bright New Year!
And children waking in their beds
Greeted with merry cheer

Each other; but the old,

Wakeful and worn,

Thought of the leaf from their Life Book

That Time for God had torn!

THE YEAR'S BIOGRAPHY.

THE year is old, but his dress is gay; 'Tis red, and yellow, and green. 'Tis brighter than when he sleeping lay In the arms of Winter, I ween, Old Winter his nurse covered him o'er With a pale, white quilt of snow, And crisped with frost was the cap he wore Though without a ruffle or bow; And when he began to go alone, He dressed in violet blue, Or a snow-drop robe was o'er him thrown, Or one of the buttercup's hue; But though he was young, none called him gay, And the wild birds loved him well; With them and with butterflies he would play Forever o'er hillock and dell. But o'er the young year there came a change. He knew he was growing old!

How cross he felt! and wicked, and strange,
If the truth must all be told.
Then he dressed himself in colors bright,

In purple, red, green and gold,

As we often see an aged wight

Trying to look and seem less old.

Then he called the birds, his former friends,

But frightened they flew away;

Well merited scorn ever attends Such attempts to disguise decay.

Then in a passion was old king year!

He withered each blooming flower,

Lest it more bright than he might appear;

And abroad in each garden bower

He shook the leaves in thick showers down,

And laughed at the trees' distress;

So vexed was he that the birds had flown,

Nor stopped to admire his bright dress;

And then he thought he'd look at himself;

He bent him over a lake,

But thought he saw there a frightful old elf, Not the image his form would make. He froze up the lake and went away;
But grew sick and took to his bed;
His nurse at his side refused to stay,
Because, as malicious ones said,
Madame Century had paid her well
To come at the New Year's birth!
So the poor Old Year, oh, sad to tell!
Uncared for, soon passed from the earth.

THE DAY.

Over the hills in mellow light

Came Morning; after her the Hours;

The first was Prayer; upon her forehead white,

Glistened a star like rain-drop after showers.

Unseen she glided on her way,

But not unfelt! for bowing down

In hall and cot, men meekly turned to pray—

Prayer is the brightest gem in Morning's crown!

Pleasure came next, soft whispering,
In rosy mantle was she drest,
Telling the young of joys the day might bring,
Urging them onward to a weary quest.

Then Care drew near with wrinkled brow, And men grew anxious as she told The many mouths to feed they knew not how—
The little ones to guard from want and cold!

Then Labor swarth with sinews swelled,

Bade man the forge, the shop, the field

To seek, 'neath the same law that came of eld—

Which man's inventions have not yet repealed.

Hope then appeared, with rainbow wing,
Fanning the flame that feedeth life:
Telling, the morrow brighter things might bring—
That the next hour with gladness might be rife!

As flower springs up to catch the breeze,
Smiles in the sunshine warm that fills
Its cup, though seldom falls it 'neath the trees,
So the heart rises hopeward 'mid its ills!

The Day upon you distant hill

Her blushing cheek turned to our gaze,

Till Night led forth her star-zoned Hours, to fill

Heaven's blue o'er-arching hall with silv'ry rays.

Night, soothing spirit, that can lull

The worn and weary to repose,

Earth's famished ones to hunger's gnawings dull,

The mourner's eyes in calm oblivion close!

Mortality still needs thine hours,

More than the earth her winter rest;

More grateful than the rain to drooping flowers!

Or to the weary bird his downy nest.

THE WEEK.

The Week seven daughters had;
Six unto toil were given,
The seventh in beauty clad
Did naught from morn till even.

They washed, they cook'd, they swept,
They worked unceasingly;
But feeling wronged, they wept
That she toiled not as they!

And to the Week they came,
"Why should one daughter rest,
Faring each day the same,
And being better drest!"

And the week thus replied:
"She unto God was given!

From birth was set aside An off'ring unto heaven.

Her work is all unseen;
She worketh silently,
As streamlet through the green
Keeps on its peaceful way.

Ye do the outward part,

Cleansing each plate and bowl;

She careth for the heart,

And purifies the soul!

Let each her station fill

As she hath talents given;
So shall ye do God's will,

And fit yourselves for heaven!"

SPRING.

The gentle spring is coming; she but waits

The bursting of the buds to hear

The robins calling to their mates

In notes of sweetest music gushing clear;

Waits till the little flower can raise its head

Nor longer fear the wintry storm,

When falling on its garden bed

The yellow sun-beams are so bright and warm.

Waits, till the silent rill from ice set free

Shall flow once more along the glade;

Till in the meadow wide she see

The springing grass, with tender, verdant blade.

And when these come, then will the spring be here,

To gladden those, who thought the winter drear.

SPRING.

Spring is here; her robe of green is ready; Maiden like before she clothes herself She waits to see if 'tis becoming. Soiled Is her robe of Ermine, but she holds it To her bosom, with the ill taste of one Preferring dirty costliness to nice Simplicity! Much work awaiteth her, Strange that she loiters so about her dress! She hath the flowers to raise in ev'ry yard, Where oft the poor child runs to see if they Are peeping from the snow; upon each hill, In ev'ry grot and dell where many eyes Will look for them on May day. Then she hath The birds to call from o'er the waters wide. Unto the woods once vocal with their songs, Now mute! She hath the ground to soften for The husbandman, the seeds to watch and nurse,

SPRING. 35

The trees to prune with her sharp knife-like winds,
The swelling buds t'unroll, the leaves to spread.
Oh hath she not enough to do! Her tasks
Are like a woman's! Their name is Legion!
Then wonder not she hath her stormy days;
Or that her voice (the wind) doth rise, or rain
(Her tear-drops) fall! I wonder she can smile
At all. And much more that some poor women
With their many tasks bearing them grave-ward
Ever smile!

MAY MORNING.

MAY morning. We were young again; in thought With wicker baskets through the fields we search For the Anemone blooming beneath The prickly barberry which still retains A few of its dry berries. Treading down The tender grass just growing green, we seek The Violet, which looks as if it were A portion of the bright blue sky above Dropped down amid green leaves to find a home. And 'neath the tall, dry fern, the snowdrop pale, Which it would seem the cunning Spring had made From the last remnant of old Winter's snow. We see the same young faces which around Us hovered once, the tiny fingers try With vain attempts, to hold the May Flowers Bursting from their grasp. Little feet around Are speeding, brushing the dew-drops nestling

On bending leaves, in sparkling showers down. Clear merry voices ring in the sweet air When the wood's inmate the brown squirrel jumps From out his hiding place, or spring's first bird With tuneful twitter flieth by.

And when

The flowers were found, and not, a Violet
Held up its head to meet the little hand,
The children on some mossy rock spread cut
Their treasures, to arrange them for the best
Effect. Then with their bunches wandered home,
Giving their parents the first culled nose-gay
Of the Spring. Being themselves fair May Flowers
Springing up in earth's wide pasture, waiting
The Angel who should gather them in love
And give them to his Father. Wonder not
That he should choose the fairest buds, e'en as
A child doth love the flowers most beautiful.
Rather rejoice, that from earth transplanted
They may bloom, nor fear the chilling night winds,
"For there is no night there!"

MAY DAY.

Flowers were blooming,

The woods perfuming

With fragrant smell;

And coming May Day

(The childrens' play day,)

In grot and dell

Was looked to with a universal fear,

And flowers were called in council far and near.

The Rose presided,

And she derided

Their fertile fears:

"Our thorns will wound them,

We twine around them

And pull their ears!"

And the Berry vines said, "we'll trip them up!"

But the snow-drop had a tear in its cup;

"Don't hurt them," saying,
"I closely laying
My head to earth,
My blossoms hiding
Will fold, abiding
The May day's birth!"

And the Violet said, "I'll lay me down
And sleep till the light fingered thieves have flown."

"As well poor flower
Since you've no power!"
The Rose replied,
"The Briers and I
Seek for victory!
Cowards may hide!"

Then she put her thorns in warlike array, While Snowdrop and Violet sleeping lay.

The May day was over; Each tired little rover Had gone to rest; And a few sad flowers In their rifled bowers

The green turf prest;
The Snowdrop, though pale, was fair as ever,
The Violet's eyes looked bluer never!

But the warlike Rose
Though she tore the clothes
Of many a thief,
And pricked their fingers,
Alas! she lingers
Without a leaf!

And the Briers who hung around the foe, To pieces were cut, ere they let them go!

AN INVOCATION.

COME up, O Flowers! Winter at length departing Gathers his snowy robe from hill and lea; 'Tis time your blossoms fair from earth were starting To cheer the hopes of dull mortality!

Come up, O Flowers! tell us Death fills his furrow With seeds of life, of joy, immortal bloom! Though all the watering of earthly sorrow Recalls their beauty not this side the tomb.

Border, O Flowers, the hills' brown, homely garment With delicate white fringe and trembling blue; No more like pris'ners pale in darkened cells bent, Return the sun's warm kiss, drink in the dew.

Thrust up your heads between earth's grassy fingers, The first formed nosegay found in Nature's hand; Hasten each backward bud that weakly lingers Ere it obeys the Spring's wide spread command.

Arise, O Flowers! and cover earth's rough places; Cushion each rocky hill; each rugged way; Let the fresh bursting brooks reflect your faces— And children lure with Nature forth to stray!

Awake, O Flowers! tell us Death fills his furrow With seeds of life, of joy, immortal bloom! To rise in heaven in robes earth cannot borrow, Nor earthly suns bring forth this side the tomb!

AUTUMN.

A RUDDY flush is on his cheek, Like the sun-painted apple's streak; His nut-brown eyes of pleasure speak.

Upon his brow bright golden-rod And purple asters gayly nod, But no sweet perfume shed abroad.

Across his shoulders, broad and strong, High faggot heaps he bears along, And scatters round the poor among.

He shakes the nut-trees in the grove, Where happy children yearly rove To share the merry sport they love. He rides the loads of fragrant hay, And straw that glistens on the way, Like golden tints at set of day.

Where orchard fruits blush overhead, Or purple grapes their fragrance spread, Or silv'ry grain bends towards earth's bed.

Ere scarce the summer months have gone, How Autumn's footsteps hurrying on, Skirt through the fields and o'er the lawn!

His viewless fingers strip the trees — With winged seeds he loads the breeze — His far-sight flowers in Spring's lap sees!

Thus may each Life its Autumn find — Its laden fields, its sheaves to bind, Leave treasures to enrich mankind! Spread round the feathered seeds of weal, Each pain to soothe, each sorrow heal, All men as brethren cause to feel!

Thus may Life's Autumn brightly glow, From seeds our childish hands did sow In many a field and broken row!

From what we deemed a common thing,
A plant our tears gave watering —
A glorious flower for heaven may spring!

WINTER.

CHILDHOOD its rosy arms round Winter's neck Is fondly flinging,

While from the hill and field and frozen lake Clear shouts are ringing;

Within his frosty hair small fingers creep,

And undismayed

Beneath his shaggy brows doth careless peep Each lad and maid.

For 'tis his hand with gems each tree and spray Profusely decking;

Aladdin's cave ne'er made such grand display
As he is making!

A strange, fantastic painter Winter is, Nor works for gold!

The poor man owns the pictures that are his, So quaint and cold. Childhood and Winter ever were good friends, Together playing;

As gleeful 'mid the frosty flowers he sends, As erst a Maying;

But unto Age old Winter holds his hand All, all in vain!

Age dreads the cold, chill gales that sweep the land,

The snow and rain;—

Age loves the glowing fire, the cheering blaze, And Mem'ry's story

Recalling twice-told tales of olden days

In all their glory!

When boist'rous Winter rattles at the door With noisy shout,

Age bids the curling flame ascend once more, And keeps him out!

From Winter's cold embrace Age ever turns—
In frame decaying
The soul for some more genial climate yearns,
Is ever praying;

Where Winter blighteth not life's last, few flowers—
But a new Spring,
These, to perfection, with its kindlier showers,
Doth strive to bring!

REMEMBER THE POOR.

THE wind blows cold, and while you fold
Your Cashmere round you nice and warm,
Lady remember, this December
Many, a one feels cold and storm.

Your fire glows bright; before its light
A well fed lapdog lies at ease;
How many you meet while in the street,
At home who starve, abroad who freeze.

Your plants are fair; in this warm air

They bloom as bright as where they grew;

The song of your bird as oft is heard

As when in the green woods he flew.

Your eyes o'erflow with scenes of woe A novelist can well portray;

Sadder scenes than these Life's Reader sees In the page of Every Day!

The wind blows cold, and while you fold
Your Cashmere round you nice and warm,
Lady, remember, this December
Many a one feels want and storm!

THE FROST KING'S LOVE.

I am the Frost King! in summer time,
When soft winds blow and brooklets chime,
I dwell in mountain caves;
Or wander round the mountain's top,
While far below the wild goats crop
The short grass as it waves.

I spread the sheets for the trav'ler's bed,
Where wildered, lost, he lays his head
And dreams' his life away;
Or standing stiffly I freeze him there,
With clasped hands like a statue of Prayer,
To meet the sun's cold ray.

But when 'tis winter, aye then I'm King!

I leave the mountain's constant ring

Of ice and frost-bound snow,

I visit forest, field, garden, glen,

And lay commands on shiv'ring men

Who dwell in vales below!

But I've been conquered! ycs, I, the King!
While round the city wandering;
Held captive by a maid!
I thought myself an anchorite cold—
But tried round her my arms to fold
As through the street she strayed.

Her mantle round her she closer drew,
From my embrace she swiftly flew;
I followed to her home —
Alas, I could find no entrance there,
Hot anthracite I ne'er could bear,
So still abroad must roam.

But in the night I adorned the trees
With jewels bright her taste to please,
And on each window pane

The purest landscapes I painted there, With castle, lake, and garden fair, And fields of waving grain.

And when she rose my paintings to view,

And near the glass her red lips drew,

Don't wonder that I tried,

Perhaps too rudely, those lips to kiss —

When quick as thought, the haughty miss

Drew back in scornful pride!

Then sadly I wandered up and down
Till light and day alike had flown,
And evening closed around;
When in the gathering gloom I spied
The maiden wandering by my side;
Nor on the snow did sound

The echoings of her tiny feet,
As on she passed like red deer fleet,
But not too swift for me!

Throughout that night we wandered round — How warmly then my heart did bound, But cold, how cold, was she!

And as on her I madly gazed

Her meek blue eyes to heaven she raised —

In prayer her pale lips moved —

I threw my mantle round her form,

And with caresses sought to warm

The lips of her I loved.

But as the morning's rays stole there,
I saw white winged angels bear
Her, from earth's storms away!
Still round her grave I lingering go,
And winter's wreaths of purest snow
Upon the sod I lay!

Though spring brings there her fairest flowers, Hastens their growth with falling showers,

And the sun's quick'ning ray,
Yet nought like winter's pure wreaths tell,
With fringed spray and icy bell,
That she has passed away!

STANZAS.

SAT a monk in cloister lonely,
Shriving of a maiden fair;
Fell the light, soft, pale and golden,
Where from snood burst forth her hair.

On the wall a carved Jesus
Brought Death's agony to view;
Close beside a risen Saviour —
Conflict there and vict'ry too!

Nought of lives of calm seclusion —
Nought of riged fast or prayer —
Nought of saintly self delusion —
Filled the monk and maiden there;

But new thoughts of earthly freedom, Social joys and social cares, Household love and laughing children, Earnest hopes and earnest prayers!

Evening falls; the carved Jesus
Looketh quaintly from the wall;
Absent both are monk and maiden —
All unheard the Hour Bell's call.

Far upon Life's pleasant journey
They are trav'ling hand in hand;
Mid its pleasures and its sorrows
Seek they now the Better Land.

Not in lives of calm seclusion

The one talent hid in earth;
But in social living, striving,

Shall the soul attain its worth.

OUR VEILED ONES.

OLD Convents, vaunt your sisterhood!

We boast the ladies in our streets!

As pure, as beautiful, as good,

As in your walls the trav'ler meets.

Unlike them clad in colors bright

As changeful as the rainbow's light.

The white veil floats o'er many a cheek
Where the young heart hath made its vow,
Not in dark cells its God to seek,
Nor round the Altar's pomp to bow;
But bound where her best love is given
To strive through worldly cares for heaven!

And though dark veils are waving here
O'er eyes whose light is sadly dim,
Pale cheeks on which the bitter tear
Comes gushing o'er the swollen brim,

Yet life and beauty round do steal To ease a wound but time can heal.

No petty deeds of miscalled sin
Are breathed in man's unholy ear!
They, mid the city's strife and din
Confess to God, who still can hear.
And their hearts find the purest springs
Where social life its halo flings.

The green veil shadeth many a face,
Bright as the rose beneath its green,
And dresses gay as flowers we trace
Where ladies in their walks are seen;
And to their ears no Convent Bell
Its tale of solitude doth tell.

Old Convents, vaunt your sisterhood!

We boast the ladies in our streets!

As pure, as beautiful, as good,

As in your walls the trav'ler meets.

Unlike them clad in colors bright,

As changeful as the rainbow's light.

TO THE VIRGIN.

OH holy Mother! had no Angel's voice

Proclaimed the Christ should nestle in thine arms,
Had no glad tidings bid thine heart rejoice,

Would'st thou have seen aught but an infant's
charms?

Would the small dimpled hand have told to thee
That it possessed for men a healing power?
That it should make the blind new beauty see
From the blue heavens, to the small blushing
flower?

In the low childish voice, would'st thou have heard Token of Him who should command the sea? Who should recall the spirit by a word, In the same earthly home once more to be? Or would the Saviour have been held by thee
As now full many a babe unconscious lies,
Plaything for wealth, burden for poverty,
An unknown Angel in an earthly guise!

Methinks the Saviour was to thee revealed

That thou shouldst grieve him not in infancy.

Proud that thine arms the Holy Child might shield,

The opening promise of earth's brighter day!

THE MORNING GLORY.

The Morning Glory, 'tis a humble flower,
Clasping its fingers round the poor man's door,
Where in return for light, sunshine and shower,
It giveth forth of beauty all its store!
Upward, still upward to the cottage eaves,
How constantly it groweth hour by hour,
Till on the thatch repose its heart-shaped leaves,
And nods in short-lived beauty there its flower.
Meanwhile the soul, striking its roots below,
Clings like the moss more closely to decay,
Forgetting that on high its flowers might blow,
And shed their perfume in eternal day!
Receiving light and heat, and moisture given,
But rising not each day nearer to heaven!

TO A YOUNG OAK TREE.

And ean it be thou hast more life than I?

And years that raise thee up, shall how me down;

That my bent form shall wear its silv'ry crown,

While thy green head uprears itself on high?

That earth bestows on me but one short Spring,
One sunny day of youth, and all is o'er—
That childhood's hours return to me no more,
When circling years to thee new youth shall bring?

And can it be thou risest from earth's breast Never again in dust to lay thee down? While I, when earthly years are spent and gone, Must 'neath the sod sink to my final rest!

The childish hands that span around thee now Shall palsied be ere thou art growing old!

Ere thy last year its circle in thee fold — And the last songster sing upon thy bough!

How if this life were all, mankind would bow In very weakness at thy fresh, green life! While in itself decay's dark seeds were rife, And at its birth and death, thou, fair as now!

But no immortal bloom within thee lies!
With Eden's shades thy graft of life hath died!
And thou shalt lie by the low grass spire's side,
Though I behold it not with mortal eyes.

While I shall live through boundless ages on! (Seemingly weak and frail compared to thee,) An heir of God! of vast Eternity!
Whilst thou forever from the earth art gone.

FAREWELL TO AN OLD SCHOOL-HOUSE.

School-house, farewell!

No more the tinkling bell

Shall call up little footsteps to your door —

Nor walking round,

Shall echo give the sound

Of classes forming on your smooth worn floor.

No more shall Prayer,
Heaven rising in the air,
From children's voices float like incense sweet,
Nor songs be heard
Riv'ling the woodland bird,
The visitor or passer-by to greet.

Here nevermore, Conning his lesson o'er, With thoughtful face the student young shall stand,

Nor more be heard

Hopeful or chiding word —

Nor silent questioner raise up his hand.

Pleasures to childhood dear;
Clear, merry shouts thy play ground hears no more—
No hopes and fears
Bring now their smiles and tears,

Those April skies by which life spring buds bore.

Joys clustered here,

And now, farewell!
Whatever truth there fell,
Whatever patience with ill-deeds has striven,
Be God's the praise!
Whatever sin there lays,
Things done not for the best, be they forgiven!

THE POET.

By his fire the Poet sitting,

Closed his eyes as in a dream;

While his fancies round him flitting

From the fire-light strangely gleam!

Round his bright locks how they flutter,
While they whisper in his ear,
These reproaches, which they utter
In a tone but he can hear.

"Why are you forever sending
Us abroad in such a dress?
Little thought upon us spending,
On the public or the press?

Why are you not ever choosing
Words that sound like water's flow?

That the heart its sadness losing Shall its way rejoicing go?"

Then the Poet answer giving,
"Why should I take thought of ye?
When in meanness I am living,
Aye in abject poverty!

What though pleasant lays ye sing me Breathing daily in my ear? Money never do ye bring me, Money that my life might cheer!

Say ye, that a Crown of Glory
Ye are twining for my brow?
'Twill be finished when I'm hoary,
And within the grave lie low!

Then I care not what men call me,
So they help me not in life!

Now it matters what befall me,
While I battle with its strife.

Ne'er for Critics will I dress ye,

Their fastidious taste to please!

If some heart but read and bless ye,

If ye give one soul release,

By your words from sin and sorrow,

Through your timely warning given,

No more graces ye need borrow —

Nor I more from hope be riven!

Then the Poet's fancies found him Glimpses of a world unseen! Then did Angels flit around him With no veil of earth between!

What though he were poor and lonely,
All uncared for on the earth;
Kept from sinking downward only
By the heaven around his hearth!

Still the fire-light brightly gleaming
On his brow its halo shed;
Far away in pleasant dreaming
Had the Poet's spirit fled!

THE TWO WISHES.

"Pass me, Time, oh pass me by,
While youth's bright sun-light gilds my hair!
While all undimmed my sparkling eye,
Leave me untouched by sin or care!"

Time heard him not, or if he heard,

His course he kept, still hurrying on;
Once in a while his cold hands stirred

The youth's bright locks, and then was gone.

But Time returned, and said to him
"Lo, I will leave thee now for aye!
Thine eye so bright I will not dim,
Nor on thy hair my fingers lay.

Thy step so fleet I will not check,

Thy cheek's warm hue I will not fade;

My purposes for once forsake,

And leave thee fair as thou wert made!"

Then did the youth rejoice in strength!

Years brought for him nor change nor blight —

Within the future's boundless length

He saw nor darkness, woe, nor night,

But fairy forms once like his own,

Were changing round him night and day;

He stood in outward youth alone —

His friends were palsied, old, and gray!

They in the grave were dropping down

Like the sere leaves in Autumn's blast,

Till one by one they all had flown—

And he in unchanged youth the last!

Then mournfully his voice rose high;

He prayed of Time to change his form!

To bring old age that he might die —

Besought him that his lifeblood warm,

Which filled him still with youth's desires,
Should fail its mad'ning course to seek!
And sorrow's voice, that never tires,
Still to Time's ear would sadly speak.

Then Time relenting, said to him,
"Thy former wish I will revoke!
Thy strength shall fail, thine eye grow dim,
And thou shalt bend beneath the yoke

Of age; thy hair shall float the wind

Like thistle-down in Autumn's blast —

No joy on earth thy soul shall find!

The insect's song, when flitting past,

(The grasshopper's,) unto thine ear
A weary burden shall become!

Earth's sweetest sounds thou'lt joyless hear,
While thy soul longeth for its home!

Then nothing more the soul could crave;
Gladly he saw his frame decay,
Feeling that only through the grave
Could burst a bright Eternity!!

THE FACTORY.

High rose the massive building in the air,
Row above row of windows gleaming bright;
Th' interior traversed by full many a stair,
That led us on, we scarce knew how or where.

Like spells of magic, waiting but the word,

Wheel locked in wheel, the strange machines there

stood;

A few in motion, whose loud din was heard, Which should replace the music of the bird.

(As she pursued her work the live long day)
Unto the ear of some poor country girl,
Whose heart would wander to the woods away,
Where 'neath the wavy trees her dear home lay.

The sun shall find them busy, as he peeps
O'er the gray curtain of the misty morn;
Drying the dew-drops that the pale Night weeps,
As like a child on Earth's kind breast she sleeps.

Year after year shall speed its busy round,

And still these strong machines shall work the
same,

When eyes now bright as stars shall dim be found!

And the clear ringing laugh, with trembling sound!

But no more here than elsewhere on the earth,
Shall earth's weak children grapple with decay;
Reaching through Age and Death the spirit's birth,
Then to be seen, as God now sees their worth!

LINES TO A CENTURY PLANT SEEN IN THE FACTORY.

STRANCE Plant, that growest here our hearts to teach;

How many thoughts thou bringest to the soul! Deeper than if thou had'st the power of speech, Though it were uttered in loud thunder's roll.

A hundred years must pass e'er thou canst bloom;
And the strong man shall bow, and beauty fade,
And Death's rich harvest fill each waiting tomb
Upon each green hill's side, or sunny glade.

A hundred years! a hundred earthly years —
How thoughts of joy and anguish cluster round:
Of smiles soon vanishing, of sorrow's tears,
Of Death's deep silence, and Life's busy sound.

A hundred years and Earth will have grown old;
The Eden of her childhood long hath past,
And golden days so long in faith foretold,
Will chase the shadows from her face at last.

A hundred years! another hundred years—
Time to Eternity is drawing near!
Heaven's hand fond clasping to the Earth's appears,
And God's kind voice each day is heard more clear.

LINES ADDRESSED TO THE MUMMIES IN THE BOSTON MUSEUM.

Oн what were ye two thousand years ago?
Alive to joy and pain as we are now?
Did the red blood through these dried bodies flow,
And the soft hair hang freshly o'er the brow?

Did children cluster round these shrunken knees?

These wasted hands upon their bright heads rest,
While they with playful wile did seek to please
The eyes that watched, the hearts that loved
them best?

Then were these limbs to active labor strung,
Braving the seasons as man doeth still?
While in these ears old Time his changes rung—
And ye received your meed of good and ill!

Affection's hand that did embalm with care,
Ne'er thought to save ye for a daily show!
Else would the earth 'neath her green hillocks bear
These forms, turned to her likeness long ago!

But if the heart grow humble at the sight,
And fix its love on outward things no more—
Feeling, the soul, two thousand years make bright,
While, kept with care, such is the dress it wore!

Then not in vain did earth give up her child,

Then not in vain the worm hath lost its prey!

If from these faces dry, Truth's Angel smiled,

And sent us wiser on our earthly way!

LAMENT OF THE SEAMSTRESS.

The sun peeps in my window high,

The climbing flower nods thro' the glass;

I hear the tread of children by,

And merry laughter as they pass;

But sun, nor flower, nor laughter cheery,

Can glad my heart; I'm weary, weary.

Golden the sun, and blue the sky,
And sweet the climbing flower's perfume;
While life's best hours are speeding by
Within the walls of this small room.
As well for me might earth be dreary!
I see no beauty — I am weary!

The arms of Toil are round me thrown, Stronger the clasp becomes each day: And mid a world of wealth, I own
No portion to support my clay!
Oh may Death bring a life less dreary,
And I no more be sad, and weary!

THE CABINET-MAKER.

WITHIN a low-built room, busy at work, There stood a tall old man. Around the walls His instruments of labor hung, while heaps Of shavings, saw-dust, chips, bestrewed the floor. His long gray locks waved o'er his dark sunk eyes As he bent o'er his work; it was a cradle. Around his mouth lingered a happy smile, As in his heart thoughts of its office formed; And his quick mind already in it saw The smiling babe, heard its friends praising loud Its bright blue eyes, kissing its rosy lips. It was a day-dream; and it brought to mind His youth, and Mem'ry wove up pleasant spells Till it was finished. Then he worked upon A coffin; and his thoughts changed with his work: And e'en a tear-drop came from his sunk eye. As his sad heart brought up her image fair Who loved him in his youth, and who reposed

In such a house as this! He was not one Of those who work mechanically, who Even in a suffering mortal behold But a machine that needs repairs, and handle Broken limbs, as one would mend an arm-chair, But his spirit wrought even as his hands! His work was done; and there together lay Coffin and cradle! Then he left the shop. And if an Angel ever visits earth, (And who does not believe it in his heart?) One entered in that shop. He paused Beside those emblems of the two extremes Of Life, and over which think you he shed A tear? O'er the coffin? I tell you nay. Into the cradle's head soft fell the tear Dropping from Angel eyes. To him revealed Was the young soul which should abide therein, With its unconsciousness of ev'ry ill, Its utter helplessness, its sorrows yet To come, its longings never satisfied On earth! If thou had'st thought of these thou had'st Not marvelled that the Angel's tear fell there!!

AN ANECDOTE.

SHE was a mute, and deaf. Nature's music Into her tuneless ear had never found Its way. Yet she had loved; for love depends Not on the senses but the soul! By signs The voiceless one was wedded. If the heart But forms the vow, all words are useless. A child was granted her: and placed around Her were attendants, who watched her ever To see she did the smiling babe no harm. One day the mother sat beside her child; She seemed to satisfy herself his sleep Was real, that his blue eyes were fairly shut: When to the horror of the nurse and those Around, she took a heavy stone that lay Within the corner of the room, and crept Towards the small cradle that contained the babe; Holding the stone on high, she threw it down,

Not on th' unconscious babe, but on the floor! It made a startling noise! the child awoke And cried! the mother then knew it possessed The sense which she had not!

THE BERRY WOMAN.

A RUSSET tint is on the forest trees,

As though the dark brown earth reflection gave
To that which bent above it; and the breeze
Shakes down the ripe nuts as the branches wave,
And rippling forth their "bird caught" melodies,
Round, mossy, flower-crowned banks bright streamlets lave.

But who is she that goeth bending low?

A faint red hue is on her withered cheek;

The zephyrs dally with her locks of snow,

Kissing the fringes of her blue eyes meek;

Bowed is her form, her step is feeble, slow,

Her shrivelled hands amid the bushes seek,

For well known herbs familiar to her gaze; Or strip from out its matted, piny bed, As there it lies in tangled, shining maze,

The bitter meshes of the Golden Thread;

And when grow pale the sun's declining rays

Towards her home she turns her weary tread.

Or view her as she goes from door to door —

A league or more her feeble feet have sped!

There meekly proffering her hard earned store,

Which shall procure the morrow's scanty bread;

Her low priced fruit many would seek to lower —

As though Humanity's last spark were dead!

You pale-faced clerk who lounges o'er the way
Would swoon should he attempt her daily walk!
While the old fop, whose wig disguises gray,
Terms her, a withered flower upon life's stalk;
But gath'ring round his face the wrinkles say,
Art hath not learned as yet Decay to mock!

It is her hand that knocketh at the door,

Ere from her sleep the city lady turns —

And though her age exceeds ten and three score,

Still by her brow's thick sweat her bread she
earns!

Her cross is heavy as the martyrs bore —

And flick'ring unto death her life's lamp she burns!

Behold her helpless, racked with sharpest pain,

Caught from the damps upspringing in the wood;

Born of the toils that never brought her gain!

And (shame to beaters-down) scarce gave her

food!

Her life hath teachings for the worldling vain!

Idlers, and those o'er fancied woes who brood!

CUPID AND DEATH.

(AN OLD FABLE VERSIFIED.)

CUPID with his golden curls

Loosened by the sultry sun,
Cheeks as fair as any girl's,
Flushed and blooming with his run,
Weary, almost out of breath,
Entered the cool cave of Death;

There upon a verdant bed
Cupid flung himself to rest;
Where the moss its green couch spread,
Cupid's white limbs softly prest:
And like golden fret-work there
Lay the curls of Cupid's hair.

'Neath his head his quiver fell;
While his arrows scattered round

Mixed with Death's (oh, sad to tell!)

That were lying on the ground;

And when Cupid rose to go,

His from Death's he did not know!

This is why we now and then

See the young by Death laid low;

While Love pierceth aged men

With his arrows as they go!

Thus young Cupid's sad mistake

Did of Life a medley make!

RAIN-DROPS.

A TROOP of summer elves,

A band of rain-drops fair,
Falling from heaven's shelves

Came weeping through the air;
Sighing to leave their parent clouds above,
While hastening earthward to their tasks they rove.

But soon those tasks were done;

And from the land and sea

Recalled home by the sun,

They met so pleasantly,

And, gathered round their parent clouds once more,
With tuneful patter told their travels o'er.

"I," said a dashing sprite,
"Have washed the windows clean
Of an old woman's house,

Where light was seldom seen; I took some panes to do this it is true, But of her queer old face I had a view."

"I," said a sparkling elf,

"Have washed the flower-cups clean;

Upon each fairy's shelf,

They all look nice, I ween.

Queen Mab is soon to have a splendid feast;

She might have sent a card to me at least!"

"I," said a dandy drop,
Fell in a water butt,
Which a hard working maid
To catch me there had put!
She thought to make me help her wash her clothes;
But showing her light heels, I quickly rose."

"Upon the farmer's ears,
I," said another, "fell,
Gladly, as when he hears
The sweet toned sabbath hell!

I with my brothers raised his drooping grain, And washed his orchard's fruits from ev'ry stain!"

"I," said another, "flew
The rainbow's arch to form,
Where fled retreating through
The whirlwind and the storm!
There stood we drops by millions in array,
While the sun's golden beams about us lay!"

"I," said a glitt'ring drop,

"Did form a mirror bright,

Where butterflies can stop

And drink as they alight;

I sprinkled o'er the spider's tissue fair,

And left a thousand sparkling diamonds there!"

But while these tales went round,
Sharp light'nings o'er them played,
And thunders' awful sound
The drops all trembling made!
And to the earth they fled in many showers,
And hid themselves in grain, grass, leaves and flowers!

THE HILLS ROUND SALEM TURNPIKE.

The old road stretches far away

For many a long and weary mile,

Where hops the Robin day by day,

On the gray wall or old turn-stile;

And merry children careless stray

To pluck the flowers by the way.

Its well known haunts to mem'ry dear,
By sunny hill, and shady nook,
Where childhood slaked in waters clear
Its thirst beside the running brook;
Those well known haunts unchanged appear;
The trees, the rocks, the moss, are here.

But voices sweet, and laughing eyes, And clasping fingers, all are gone! Like the bright tints of sunset skies Which we have loved to gaze upon. Mem'ry alone the loss supplies, And gives us what the scene denies.

'Twas here the Catbird's mournful cry
Told of the cherished pet at home;
Here did the bright red berries lie,
To speckle o'er the white milk's foam;
Here always seemed the bluest sky,
And came the coolest breezes by.

And now farewell each glade and hill!

The heart must be indeed grown cold,
When sight of you brings not the thrill
The bosom felt in days of old!

If true to nature, nature still
Is fresh as when Earth's page unrolled!

EUTHANDSIA.

"Then they saw the unwaking sleep was upon them, and said she died amid pleasant dreams!"

STILL she sat in her high backed chair,

Her head reclined upon her breast;

Morning found as eve left her there,

Where she had sat her down to rest;

The wind stole in and waved her hair,

The bird sang loudly from her nest

On the sweet brier, and the air

Swept in the scent she loved the best.

The birds' sweet song awoke her not;
Its melody was all unheard!
The morning breeze with fragrance fraught
E'en at its will her white locks stirred!
Neighbors gathered around the spot,
Missing her form who with the bird
Rose, rambled round her flower screened cot,
Above all other walks preferred.

They saw her closed eyes and said

Th' unwaking sleep had rested there!

They gather'd round with solemn tread

And bore her from her easy chair.

No tears for that lone one they shed,

No more earth's daily ills to bear;

Her soul in pleasant dreams had fled!

Could Death a milder aspect wear?

Thus died that lonely aged one,
Without a pain, without a tear,
Ending in Heaven the dream begun
On Earth. Is sleep to death so near?
Oh then with every setting sun
With God be ready to appear!
So shall the Spirit's work be done,
And Death be viewed without a fear!

DEATH'S VISIT.

DEATH knocked at the rich man's gate! 'Twas loud, for he could not wait.

The servant dared not tell him nay,
As through the house he took his way.

Death stood at the rich man's bed, And thus unto him he said, "Thou hast a long journey to go, Get thee ready, be not slow!"

Then the rich man gathered there Bags of gold, and jewels rare, And the deed of his large estate; Hurrying, for Death could not wait!

Death said, "these you'll leave behind! No more use for them you'll find! But something on the way thou'lt need, Then get it ready now with speed!"

He called his family there, His babe with the golden hair, His bright boy, and his blue-eyed wife; Those whom he lov'd as he lov'd life.

Death said, "now with these you part! Something else before you start You may select to take away!" The rich man sought his library,

And book laden he returned,
Books in which true Genius burned.
But Death said, "you can take alone
Knowledge that you have made your own!"

A ring was heard at the gate,
Where a crowd of beggars wait
To bless the hand that gave them food!
And there with grateful hearts they stood!

Said Death, "you may take their prayers! The thought of less'ning their cares!
All the tears you have wiped away!
These will cheer you onward to-day!"

PARTED, BUT NOT FOREVER.

When evening shadows round the hearth,
And o'er my heart are stealing,
When hushed are sounds of joy and mirth,
And darkness brings revealing
Of thoughts for which day had no room,
Of ties Death came to sever;
Sweet voices say, amid the gloom,
Parted, but not forever.

They seem to say, Death led us on,

Dim was the grave's low portal,

But in a moment earth was gone —

And we became immortal!

They seem to say, for joys of earth

Our souls have thirsted never —

Earth's homes shall gather round God's hearth,

Parted, but not forever!

They seem to say, we know no death,
Nor pain, nor crushing sorrow,
No sundered love, no parting breath,
No tears, no sad to-morrow!
-Earth-life seems to us but a day—
Short conflict life's endeavor!
(Night falls;) and still they seem to say,
Parted, but not forever!

GRAVE FLOWERS.

"A little sod, a few sad flowers,
A tear for long departed hours,
Are all that feeling hearts request
To hush their weary thoughts to rest."

A FEW sad flowers said'st thou?

Let them not all be sad,

Like white-robed mourners bending low,

With nothing cheerful, glad,

But flowers the dead loved best!

E'en though their colors be

More bright than thoughts that fill the breast

Of weak mortality!

Their colors shall impart

Heaven's glory to the tomb,

Nor send pale sadness through the heart

Already filled with gloom:

They shall look up and say,

The seed in weakness sown

Is risen in beauty from its clay — Nearer to God has grown!

Their fragrance shall uprise

Through storms and beating rain;
So grief brings forth sweet memories,

The dead shall rise again!

Nearer perchance than life

Around the home to be!

To bring like Angels 'mid its strife

Their immortality!

A few sad flowers said'st thou?

Let them not all be sad,

Like white-robed mourners bending low,

With nothing cheerful, glad,

But flowers the dead loved best!

E'en though their colors be

More bright than thoughts that fill the breast

Of weak mortality!

THE GRAVE'S TO-MORROW. .

" And the Grave shall have its to-morrow!"

Life's Spring-Buds how the heart doth cherish,
Seeking to shield from frost and wind;
But cared for ever, still they perish—
Life's fragile chain Love cannot bind!
But now a voice doth steal upon our sorrow,
Whispering thus, "the Grave hath its to-morrow!"

The Flowers of Life, whose fragrance ever
(Childhood's low prayer,) ascends to God,
Death stretches forth his hand to sever
From parent stalk and earthly sod!
But still a voice doth come to soothe life's sorrow,
Whispering thus, "the Grave hath its to-morrow!"

When Time (his breath the wind,) is sending. Autumn's ripe fruit in clusters down, And to the Reaper's sickle bending

The grain doth yield its golden crown,

When for our Father's garner Death doth borrow,

The voice still saith, "the Grave hath its to-morrow!."

GRAVES.

Where the grass the greenest lingers,
Where the spring with busy fingers
First unfolds each bud and flower,
There should be the grave of childhood;
In the bright and sunny wild-wood,
Where the bird sings hour by hour!

Where the sapling tall and slender
Lifts to heaven its form so tender,
Bowing meekly to the wind,
There should youth in death be lying;
Where flowers leave (as it in dying
Leaves its mem'ry) sweets behind.

Where the oak in tow'ring glory Looks upon the landscape hoary, Fearless of the winter's blast, 106 GRAVES.

There should manhood meet its slumber—
With a host but death can number
In the present or the past.

Where the golden grain is shining,
And the fruit-trees thickly lining
Drop their burdens to the ground,
There should age, its journey ended,
Calmly be with nature blended
As the year speeds swiftly round!

" MISERRIMUS."

"On a grave stone in Worcester, England, is this emphatic inscription, with neither name nor date, comment nor text."

Thou hast a refuge found, most wretched, here,
Mid the low murmur of the breeze-stirred leaves;
Near the cool streamlet whose quick ripples clear
Water the flowers where the spider weaves
His treacherous web across from leaf to spray;
Like the world's snares that led thy soul astray!

And here thy wretchedness must surely cease
In the calm quiet of this holy ground;
Where ev'ry blossom seems to whisper peace,
And sharp contention's strife is never found.
Where from the graves low voices seem to rise
To tell of rest the heartless world denies.

What made thy misery? Ambition crushed, High hopes laid low, and glory unattained? Th' extinguishing of high-born thoughts that gush'd
Forth from thy heart? till not a wish remained
To live for anything earth could afford,
Or bring to light feelings within thee stored?

Or was it want of Sympathy in those

Who should have echoed back thine ev'ry thought?

E'en as the placid stream reflects the rose

Low bending o'er it in the woodland grot.

Walking the earth unknowing and unknown!

"With, and not of men," "in a crowd alone!"

Or did stern Poverty with chilling blight,

Cling round thee ever mid the cold world's sneers,

Making thee long for darkness and for night,

Amidst the fallings of thy scalding tears?

And when the night its mantle round thee spread

Had'st thou like Him no place to lay thy head?

Was thy weak body racked with ceaseless pain
Which bade thee restless ever tossing keep?
Without a hope that health would come again

" MISERRIMUS."

And with its color fill thy pale, wan cheek?
Until from suff'ring death thy spirit stole,
And earth's most wretched is Heaven's happiest
soul.

10

STANZAS.

"Coffin—the cradle in which our second childhood is laid to sleep."

Not as in infancy,

When we in sleep repose

Each dimpled limb careless and free,

When soft the blue eyes close,

Within our second cradle lie we down,

When the bright spirit to its place hath flown.

But ev'ry limb in place,

Hand-closed the cold dull eye;

Expressionless the pale still face';

Smoothly the hair put by.

No restless movement breaks the sleep of Death,

No soft in-drawing of the easy breath.

Who heeds the calyx dry
That looks upon the flower?

Or careth where the cone may lie,

If in the garden bower

The butterfly hath flown? Care not to see

The body, if the immortal soul is free.

112 MEMORY.

MEMORY.

Come, talk awhile with memory;
A pleasant light is in her eye,
As still she speaks of days gone by.

On her brown hair a halo plays, The golden light of other days; From early time bright sunny rays.

While in her voice a dreaminess,
A half reproach, half tenderness,
That seems to chide and yet to bless;

Telling of things that come no more; But which the Soul will not give o'er, Counting them treasures as before.

Telling of youth, of new-found joy, All after years cannot destroy, Making the man still seem the boy! The friends of early days here meet, Within her house their vows repeat, With kindly voice and smile still greet!

Around her walls our loved ones dear, Dying, have left their semblance here, Death's wounds to heal, sad lives to cheer!

Thou who hast laid thy babe to rest, Upon his cheek thy last kiss prest, Lo! he still sleeps on memory's breast!

See the bright wavelets of his hair; His meek blue eyes half closing there; The veins that line his forehead fair;

His dimpled fingers clasp thine own— He wakes! you hear his merry tone! From memory's house he is not gone.

Thou who hast seen thy mother die She left for thee, with memory, A holy, precious legacy! And still in the accustomed place, The evening lamp beams on her face, And love for thee it seems to trace!

Although no life is blameless, free From earthly sin and misery, We would not part with memory;

For like an aged person's story She robes the bygone years in glory, As fresh grown moss decks ruins hoary.

Then talk awhile with memory;
A pleasant light is in her eye,
As still she speaks of days gone by;

Telling of things that come no more — But which the soul will not give o'er. Counting them treasures as before!

MEMORY.

"'Tis in the morning that the Chuch-yard of Memory gives up its dead."

LET them rise from the heart's tomb;
Spirits not of sadness, gloom,
White-robed tho'ts of Childhood's truth,
Cherished hopes that filled our youth.
Let them rise, a shining band
Coming from the Spirit Land.

Let them rise! each well known face,
Where so oft we loved to trace
Smiles that beamed for us alone,
Eyes o'er which Death's veil was thrown.
Let them gather round our bed
All unheard their noiseless tread!

Let their eyes of love still speak,

Let their breath be on our cheek;

And their voices in our ear
Murmur words we loved to hear.
Let their spirits fair and bright
Visit us at morning light.

Death, who cometh thief-like, still,
Taking life's bright gems at will,
With us early, with us late,
Making hearth-stones desolate,
Death, who visits all Life's bowers,
Cannot gather Mem'ry's flowers!

THE OLD MAN'S THOUGHTS.

"Twas bitter cold, an old man walked Through the streets of a crowded mart; As he went, he chattered and talked From simple thoughts within his heart.

"Oh cruel wind, why pierce me through
With icy blasts like daggers cold?
To keep me warm my clothes are few,
And I am very, very old."

The wind replied, "I play with thee

As I would play with an old dry leaf;
To make it mourn for its parent tree;

And you for repose from all your grief."

He murmured again, "dropping rain, Why soak my garments through and through? You make my limbs all ache with pain; Have you not something else to do?"

The rain replied, "I do it for this —
To make you yearn for a home in heaven,
Where sorrow comes not; but perfect bliss
Remains for those once tempest driven!"

He murmured again, "falling snow,
My locks are white without your aid,
Are there men as old, do you know,
As I, in heaven, from whence you strayed?"

And the flakes replied, "around is heaven;
But it knows nor old nor young, as earth;
There bands of sin from souls are riven,
And age begins at Second Birth."

Then the old man said, "I know its truth,
For I am near the heavenly goal;
I shall feel again as in youth
At the Second Birth of my soul."

MY FRIEND.

Where is my friend? I vainly said,
For Death had taken her from view;
But the sky answered overhead,
"Behold her eyes in this deep blue!"

And smiling sunbeams glided by
As if a message glad to bear,
Saying, "look on us as we lie,
As golden as her shining hair!"

And through the open window near

Two blushing roses then did speak,
Saying, "her breath still lingers here—

In us behold her blooming cheek!"

While tuneful birds with warblings sweet, "Her voice is with us," seemed to say, As my charmed ear they come to greet
With untaught song each summer day!

The cloud that floats the evening sky
A spotless letter seems to come,
From where she dwells, (Eternity,)
Telling my spirit of her home.

Oh, Death can never break the spells

That friendship wove around my heart —
Each thing she loved a message tells,

And of her mem'ry forms a part!

OLD AGE.

Welcome, Old Age! sweet sabbath of our life! When are forgot each worldly care and strife; When thoughts of what we may be move us not — By whom once cherished or by whom forgot. When through the vista of receding years Each earthly trial slowly disappears. And, as the spirit nears its heavenly home, Foreshadowings of a blest existence come! And like a wearied child we fain would lay Ourselves on earth's green lap and pass away. Th' unconscious infant that we searcely knew, Whose mem'rics like its wants were simple, few, The buoyant child whose life eternal seemed, Who of a golden future ever dreamed — Manhood with all life's sins and sorrows learned, Who for a quiet rest full oft hath yearned; All these have found, O, peaceful Age, in thee,

From busy toil and strife a respite free! When Time parts softly down the silver hair, And on the ear as by some fost'ring care Earth's sounds of dissonance grow faint and low, As gently ends our pilgrimage below. But when alas stern poverty is ours, And want's red thorns mix with life's Autumn flowers; When through the streets a sustenance is sought, Or in the home slow needle-work is wrought; When toil plants furrows on the once fair brow, And dim eyes see to work they know not how! When weakened limbs turn feebly to the grave, Bent by the toil that competence ne'er gave! Ah then old age a saddened picture shows-And hard his heart who ne'er with pity glows, Nor from his fullness quick relief bestows. Or when old age in loneliness is left -Of parents, children, all love's ties bereft! When the old house alone doth seem a friend! And voiceless sympathy but old trees lend, Beating the storms out on the time-stained roof, Still near when earthly friendship stands aloof;

When Death doth seem unmindful of decay, Though spirits gone before oft show the way, And voices murmur on the lone one's ear The welcome summons that he fain would hear; Then too old age a saddened picture shows, As down life's hill alone he trembling goes! But when the vices of our youth remain. And palsied age cares not to break the chain, Hugging the fetters it through life hath riven, Nearing the grave but wand'ring far from heaven, 'Tis then old age the saddest picture shows! And like a landscape that doth want repose, Dark, gloomy clouds o'ereast the mournful scene, While sunshine hangs no golden fringe between — And Hope with drooping wing scarce dares to show Upon the darkened sky, a faint, pale bow! But when old age from youth and folly turned, Alike the lures and aims of earth hath spurned; Nor owes its wealth to treach'ry and deceit — Nor wears religion as a mask to cheat — Whose children rise around to call him blest, Whose temperance still for earthly joys hath zest,

Who holds his head in honest pride erect,
Winning from all the tribute of respect;
Who looks on Death, as Life's last gentle friend
Coming to loose its cord, but not to rend —
Then welcome Age! sweet sabbath of our life!
When are forgot each worldly care and strife;
When thoughts of what we may be move us not —
By whom once cherished, or by whom forgot —
When, through the vista of receding years,
Each earthly trial slowly disappears;
And, as the spirit nears its heavenly home,
Foreshadowings of a blest existence come.
And like a wearied child we fain would lay
Ourselves on earth's green lap, and pass away!

AN OLD MAN'S SOLILOQUY.

'Twas long ago, when Love and I
Together walked adown life's lane;
The sweet, wild rose hung blossoming by,
And over me the same blue sky
Seems arching yet again!

The birds with twit'ring note around

Were warbling what we might not speak!

Nor in the hedgerow's blush was found,

With summer's lavished bloom around,

A tint so fair as were her cheek:

But Time was gazing coldly then—
And saying, though we heard him not,
"I bring you age and trials, when
Life's early dream comes not again,
With hearts estranged, and vows forgot!"

Mistaken Time! that thought to deal
With souls as with the outward world;
As from the rose its blush, to steal
The awak'ning joys our hearts first feel,
To be forever from us hurled.

Though in the grave they laid her low,

And o'er her beats the summer rain —

My thoughts like breezes round her go,

Like flowers my dream-like visions glow,

And we together meet again!

'Tis long ago since Love and I
Together walked adown life's lane.
But still in childish beauty nigh
She gazes with her soft, blue eye,
As we together meet again!

THE ADDRESS OF A CHILD'S SOUL TO ITS BODY, ON LEAVING IT!

"How wishfully she looks
On all she's leaving, now no longer hers."

Body, farewell!

I may no more from those blue eyes look out, Nor through the red lips send the merry shout Like clear-toned bell.

Nor can I more

Earth's summer flowers with those small fingers grasp,

Nor round my mother's neck those white arms clasp; Nor through the door,

With play intent,
Will thought of mine e'er send those tiny feet,
Nor form of mine my little play-mates greet.
'Twas only lent

To me by God!

Life brought it to me, and Death takes it now; Within the narrow grave he'll lay it low,

Beneath the sod!

I fear 'tis not

As bright and fair as when 'twas lent to me, But that the Lender will upon it see

Some mark or spot.

My mother weeps,

Not knowing that her child still lingers near;
Beside the form pride made in life too dear,

She fondly keeps.

Body, farewell!
Within thee I have felt both joy and pain;
I would not if I might return again

In thee to dwell!

To God I go!

To Jesus, who will take me in his arms!

Secure from grief, distress, and earthly harms,

True bliss to know!

THOUGHTS OF YOUTH.

OH linger, linger still, sweet thoughts of youth,
Sending, likes pring-buds culled in early time,
A fragrance forth of Innocence and Truth,
Those pure white flowers of childhood's holier

Oh linger, linger still around my heart,
Casting your sunshine o'er my later years!
Let not with youth its memories depart,
Its gushing laughter, or its frequent tears.

Oh may the soul still wander carcless, free,
Amid the wildwood of its early dreams!
Recall the time when 'twas a joy to be!
And see through bygone years creation's beams.

The bright creation that our childhood knew,
When the eye gazed on all, and called it good;
When the swift hours on golden pinions flew,
Nor one dark shadow in our pathway stood.

And when the soul forth from the shore of death
Unfurls its lone, strange sail, and steers for
Heaven;

May kindly airs from angel children's breath To fill that lone, strange sail be freely given.

May pleasant memories of olden days,

Like far-flown birds, with the lone voyager rest;

Till on his sight shall break Heaven's brightest rays,

And earth's lost son be welcomed with the Blest!

THE FIRST AND LAST WORD.

'Twas the first word the babe had spoken;
Forth from his small red lips it trembling came;
Scarcely a word it seemed, half uttered, broken,
Although its hearers gave to it the name.

The spell of infant silence breaking,

Came the word *Mother* to their list'ning ears:

Pains to be understood the soul was taking,

It soon would tell aloud its hopes and fears.

Another charm unto its graces,

Was added in the utt'rance of that word;

The family were there with happy faces,

And the deep feelings of their hearts were stirred.

The scene is changed! around the dying
A family are bending in their grief—
Awaiting death an aged man is lying,
His hours on earth are numbered, they are brief.

For the last word that he shall utter,

With eager hope they bend the list'ning ear;

Ere motion leaves the heart with a faint flutter,

And the quick breath proclaims that death is

near.

He speaks! oh, list to that he sayeth,

For the last word thro' those pale lips shall come;

Again thro' childhood's days in tho't he strayeth,

And his last dream is of his childhood's home.

He speaketh, and the dear word Mother

Comes forth from lips, that ne'er shall move again;

Thou art immortal, Love! death can but smother

Thy flame which burns undimmed thro' want and pain.

Angels shall keep it burning ever

In the bright world, towards which our footsteps
tend;

Like Vestal's lamp it shall give light forever,

And o'er a happy throng its bright rays send.

TO AN INFANT.

Come in, little child, whose face peeps through,
So lovingly through Life's door;—
Long we have listened and waited for you,
But watching we are no more.

This grand old earth has been forming for you For thousands of long, long years!

And for ages the light has travelled, to view Itself in thy falling tears.

The fields of earth have blossomed and smiled,
And tireless they still bloom on,
An Eden now to the undefiled —
But the Tree of Life is gone!

The earth is shadowed, but thou art bright—
The thoughts of thy soul awake,
In the morning light of thy rising sun
To their new-found tasks they take.

O, when thy sun shall be sinking low —
And Eve's lengthened shadows fall —
When a weary Pilgrim thou shalt go
To the world that waiteth all, —

May hearts as kindly receive thee there
As welcomed thine earthly birth!
And angel voices the chorus bear,
Joy in Heaven, though grief on Earth!

THE DEATH-BED.

DYING, an old man lay;
The sun's last rosy ray
Was in the west.
No struggle was seen there,
A smile like halo fair
Proclaimed him blest.

Around his long life's hours
Shaded like summer flowers
Were flying fast;
One Lily-like appears
Holding his childhood's tears;
Sorrows long past.

Others like Daisies' eyes,
Some blue as cloudless skies,
Came smiling by;

Times when his spirit young, Gay as a wild bird sung, Right merrily.

And sadder hours were there
Filled with the seeds of care
And bitterness;
When though lone, forsaken,
His soul's faith unshaken
God still could bless.

The Hours the silence broke,

And thus to him they spoke —

Oh, what wouldst thou

Give, couldst thou stay our flight!

For men will heap this night

Dust on thy brow!

In youth thou bad'st us fly,
To bring in passing by
Thy manhood on;

No sooner was it brought
Than Age, uncalled, unsought,
Came, and 'twas gone!

Then the sad Hours drew near;
Wouldst thou not joy to hear
We might return?
Wouldst thou not joy to weep?
Dost thou not dread Death's sleep,
And for life yearn?

The Dying heard them all,
But heeded not the call;
They passed away.
Hours, gold Eternals bright,
Were bringing to his sight
Eternity!

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DEATH AND THE MOTHER.

DEATH to the mother said, "Thou can'st not keep the baby still, let me! Thou mark'st with pain his gasping, feverish breath; With one long kiss I set it free, And on his brow, the signet write Of immortality! Oft thou dost strive to lay In smoothness down his golden hair; let me! Smoother, beneath thy touch, 'twill never be — Nor look more bright and fair! Nay, weep not, that his toilet I would make, Closing like violet, up his eye of blue; For know'st thou not, earth-flowers as frail as this Were better closed against life's chilling dew? The sheet no more thou'lt fold, Above his dimpled limbs over and o'er; So statue-like, inanimate and cold,

They will lie bare no more!

The Form that holds thy baby to His breast,

Thou wilt not look to see!

Nor hear'st the soft voice breaking through his rest,

'Suffer the little one to come to Me!'

Else thou and I would soon be reconciled,

No more thy tears would flow —

But thou would'st bless me that I bear thy child

Forth from a life of woe;

To One unbiased by a mother's love

Or mother's fears, to bring him up!

Perchance to aid thee when thou goest above!

Then push not from thee still, the sweet, sad cup!"

"OUR MOTHER FELL ASLEEP, NOV. 13, 1841.

When will the morning come?" .

[Epitaph on a Gravestone in Hingham.

Our mother slept! 'twas not the soothing rest
When round the curtained room with voices low
We softly trod; pulseless within her breast
The heart that throbbed for us is lying low!

Our mother slept! closed is the calm, mild eye, That kindled at our wrongs or wept our grief; Or through night watches, long and silently Waited the hour that brought our pains relief!

Our mother slept! the ear must strive in vain

To catch her kindly tone, her warning word—

Yet mem'ry's echo still the sweet refrain

Will sing, and still our hearts by it be stirred!

Oh Father, when, when will the morning come?

Bringing its healing to our wounded souls—

Bringing the sunshine fled our earthly home—

Will time restore it as earth onward rolls?

When from its frozen tomb the green blade springs,
And the freed brook leaps forth in sparkling foam,
When the mean worm hath found resplendent
wings—

Oh say, will then to us the morning come?

The morning of the tomb breaks not on earth!

Eye hath not seen the light of it arise—

None but the Great Physician sees the birth

That strips the spirit from its earth disguise!

And only when we pass the shadowy tomb,

And are forgotten 'mid the city's hum —

And learn joy comes from grief, brightness from gloom —

Then, only then, will Love's glad morning come!

THE SETTING SUN.

The setting Sun! how softly lie

Its golden rays along the land —

Like smiles that linger pleasantly

Far o'er the hills of memory!

How slowly sink those parting beams,
As loath to leave the elasp of Earth—
So slowly fade out Childhood's gleams,
Haunting our age with sunny dreams!

Like many-tinted pencils flow

The sunbeams painting Day's last page;

While forest trees reflect the glow,

And rippling waves new beauty show.

They linger round each mount and hill,

E'en as our thoughts should rise at eve,

Ascending higher, higher still,

"With Heaven's own light," our souls to fill.

And when earth's visions fade away
In beauty from our dying gaze,
Like parting sunbeams, rising may
They form elsewhere a cloudless day!

BLINDNESS NOT LONELINESS.

On she looketh lonely there
In her high-backed rocking chair,
With her knitting in her hands;
Swift as light her fingers go;
And her hair like driven snow
Lieth smooth in silver bands.

But no light is in her eye,

Though 'tis blue as summer sky:

Well it is she cannot see

Narrow room and smoky wall;

Now her mind can picture all

Round her fair as fair can be!

Is she lonely? no, for she

Hath a guest there constantly;

Who is there? the King of Kings!

Breathing comfort all around, Talking to her without sound, Of the spirit's better things.

None so poor He will not come
Bringing peace unto their home!

None so low He will not hear—
None so high they may not bow
In His presence humbly low;

None so vile they are not dear!

Though without is darkest night,
God hath said, "Let there be light!"
In the Blind one's world within!
And its flowers are brought to view,
Bright as heart-flowers ever grew,
When unchoked by weeds of sin.

Better is it to be blind

To the Outward, though 'tis lined

With a beautiful array;

Than having eyes to see not

The soul's world with beauties fraught,

Which shall never pass away.

TRANSFORMATIONS.

METHINKS if transformations were but true,

The clouds as fitting shapes our souls might wear;

And God's own heaven be still the boundless blue,

As childhood's eye once fondly placed it there!

The tiny, fleecy clouds, that float away,
Almost too bright for us to gaze upon
In dazzling sunshine of a summer day,
Be infant souls that soon from earth were gone!

And the dark clouds o'ercharged with rain-drop tears,

Be sorrowing souls who sinned 'gainst God on earth,

Who find Him merciful, despite the fears
With which they met the spirit's second birth!

The crimson clouds that float the sunset sky

Be warriors, who have borne earth's meed of
fame;

Their place in heaven is low, though once so high—Called great on earth, in heaven they lose the name!

The purple clouds, whose edges fringed with gold
Do look so gorgeously at summer e'en,
Be holy souls once on earth's page enrolled,
Who thro' life's trials all unchanged have been!

To float above the homes so loved on earth,
In fertile showers around them to descend,
Then rise to heaven by their own native worth,
With kindred souls in harmony to blend.—

Methinks if transformations were but true,

The clouds as fitting shapes our souls might wear;

And God's bright heaven be still the spreading blue,

As childhood's eye once fondly pictured there!

LINES.

The foot-crushed flower fresh fragrance yields;
The dying bird more sweetly sings;
The trampled hay perfumes the fields:
And from an harp the wild wind brings
Sweet notes of melody as softly played,
As if an Angel's fingers o'er it strayed.

And spirits crushed by the weight of care,
Bent by neglect like broken reeds;
Whose burdens are too hard to bear,
Have filled the world with mighty deeds;
Thus sorrow rudely striking the heart's strings
Forth from the trembling chords sweet music brings.

Genius hath found its noblest sons
Among the long despised, the poor!
Amid earth's meek and lowly ones,
Whose powers expand as they endure!

Crushed 'neath the iron heel of haughty pride,

Heart perfume springeth where the mind's flowers
hide.

Many a blow the gem must bear,

Ere it to us appears a gem;

Earth must its chilling garment wear,

Its icy crown as diadem,

Ere from its lap the shining blades can spring

And it to man a golden harvest bring!

The spirit cold neglect must feel,

Earth's crown of thorns its brow must wear;

Ere from the mind a thought can steal,

Or it with kindred minds can share

The calm enjoyment of those noble powers,

Which find in Heaven the fruit of Earth's pale flowers.

THE LIGHT ON THE WATERS.

NIGHTLY on the dusky stream,
Rising, falling with its flow,
Doth the light in the waters gleam,
Searching with golden beam
The depths below.

Humble is the working-place
Straying whence its bright rays fall,
Like the smile on a dead child's face,
Which gives death's stream a holy grace,
Hallows the pall:—

Bending o'er the current strong,
Spanning with transparent light
The dark, swift waves that rush along,
Chanting their eternal song
Unto the Night!

Seldom think the toilers there,
Striving hourly for their bread,
The rippling waves new beauty wear,
Or that the passer by may share
'The radiance shed!

So the spirit, day by day
Seeking for the bread of heaven,
Heeds not the rays that from it stray,
Nor marks upon their unseen way
Joys by them given!

MUSIC.

The forgotten language of a better land,

How float its melodies around us now—

Giving forth thoughts we seldom understand,

Thrilling the spirit with its breathings low.

Brings it not memories of a blessed clime,
Where ere its earth-life did the spirit dwell,
Untouched by pain and death, unknown to time,
Unbowed by care, undimmed by sin's dark spell?

The mournful tolling of the passing bell—
What converse hath it with the soul bereaved?
Saith not its solemn voice that all is well!
Is not the truth, though painfully, received?

The sublimest round of organ's deepest tone, The thunder's peal reverberating long,

- The cataract's rushing, ocean's ceaseless moan, What thoughts convey they in their mighty song?
- The tremulous melody the wind awakes

 From the harps'-strings, the wild-birds' varied notes,
- The soft breeze rustling low through flowers and brakes,

The mournful cadence that at evening floats,

The lullaby that soothes the slumbering child,

The wailing chant voicing the spirit's cry,

The wand'ring minstrelsy that hath beguiled

With simple melodies in passing by—

All, evermore, breathe a mysterious theme, Recalling memories of other days; Of which the spirit doth but faintly dream, When it awakens to these passing lays!

EARTH'S SCENES.

I LOOKED on Earth; she gave a little child

His lap brimful of flowers, running o'er;

Such as are growing by the roadside wild,

Beneath old fences, by each grass-grown door;

Then home he trotted with his cheap gained wealth,

Upon them fondly bent his childish eyes,

Giving to all he met what pleased himself,

Still holding carefully his scented prize.

I looked on Earth; her mountains rising high,

She urged a bright, bold, careless youth to climb;

Who vainly thought by them to reach the sky,

The bright blue sky he loved in early time —

He reached the summit, and there sat him down;

But, lo! his features early had grown old:

Upon his brow there hung a settled frown,

And like the mountain's top his heart was cold!

I looked on Earth; she of her yellow store

Was pouring freely in the out-stretched hand
Of manhood, who did ever ask for more,
Until beneath his load he scarce could stand;
Then bent he feebly with his face to earth,
Forgetful ever of the changing sky:
True men did prize him, but 'twas not for worth!
And childhood blessed him not with voice nor eye!

I looked on Earth; unto an aged man
A boon, the last we take from her, she gave,
(Decked with the flowers for which his childhood ran,)
Within the churches' humble yard, A Grave!
There the blue sky bent over him once more,
(As bends a mother her dead child above!)
Mourning the eyes that sought its face of yore,
Giving his grave its daily look of love!

THE ENTRANCE.

Before a glorious mansion
A small child sat him down,
Its radiance brightly shining
While outward lights had flown;
He looked and longed to enter,
But lingered on the stone.

Then passers by came, telling
The place was not for him,
And sought to lead him outward
Into the darkness dim!
But still he gazed, and listened
Unto the peaceful hymn,

That now and then came swelling Upon the stilly air, Forth from the shining dwelling That looked so wondrous fair;
And the child's soft steps drew nearer —
He wished that rest to share!

Then a gentle voice rose, saying,
"Forbid him not to come!"

And the little child was welcomed
Into that heavenly home!

They missed him from the threshold—
But knew not where he'd gone!

HYMN.

BLEST is the man, who for the poor

The light of knowledge sheds around;

Who sows broadcast the seeds of good

On barren or neglected ground.

Who raises up the ears of grain,

That worldliness hath trodden down;

And lo! "they whiten all the plain!"

And form the year's bright golden crown.

Who trains the plants on Life's highway,
That never knew a fost'ring hand;
And blossoms nod from ev'ry spray,
And send their fragrance o'er the land.

Who gathers up the common stones,

That lie unprized along Life's shore;

And by his patient industry

Reveals at length the shining ore.

Blest is the man, who for the poor

The light of knowledge sheds around!

His seeds earth-sown shall heavenward spring,

And from his life rich fruits abound!

BETTER DAYS.

Was it a dream that came to me? That men's care-worn faces seem to be Clothed with a calm serenity,

A peaceful holiness—
A spirit's voice? that said no more
Shall the blood of man like water pour,
Staining the flowers on earth's green floor,
That fain his path would bless.

Was it a vision of the night?

Making each child seem an Angel bright,
Free from earth's mildew, sin's with'ring blight

That falls upon the young;
Graceful and winning ev'rywhere,
Grown like the flowers by God's own care,
Like them blooming as fresh and fair,
Earth's hills and vales among!

Was it a dream? that men did feel Themselves as Brothers for woe or weal? Seeking the wounds of life to heal

With soothing words of love — Speaking to each as on he wends, Grasping in every hand a friend's, Smoothing the path of Age that tends So tremblingly above!

Was it a dream? that woman's lot Was with unkindness never fraught? That her affections ne'er were sought

To be as worthless spurned!

No dream! but 'twas a glimpse of years

Whose coming bright as the sun's appears,

Drying the dew of earthly tears

From eyes like flowers upturned.

The aged feel its cheering ray, Though like pale stars at the break of day, Its glory comes as they pass away

Into a realm untrod!

But may the young live to behold Those golden days so long foretold, When each lone wanderer to the fold Shall be reclaimed by God!

HOW LONG?

How long, O Heart, within this frame of mine
Will thy slow, measured beat keep tireless on?
Like patient pris'ner seeking day by day
To wear thy cell's dark walls and burst thy way
To outer light!

How long, O Eyes, will ye these scenes around In their fresh, glowing beauty for me paint? Making the earth her Eden loveliness Renew year after year my soul to bless, With earth content.

How long, O Limbs, will ye support my weight—
Ere ye grow feeble with the course of years?
Or will ye bear me firmly to the gate,
Where all my weariness and pain and tears
I shall lay down.

How long, O Ears, will ye transmit to me
The melodies of earth, the voice of friends?
Or will ye closed be to music round —
And earth's deep organ tones like whispers sound,
As I grow old.

And Heart, and Eyes, and Limbs, and Ears replied;
"Lo we have served thee now these many years!"
We are but servants of mortality—
Slowly, but surely we must pass away
And leave thy house!

For where thou goest, we may never go —

These eyes could not behold the light of Heaven!

These ears ean bring to thee but earthly sounds —

These limbs can bear thee but o'er earthly grounds —

This heart beat only here!

THE SABBATH.

" The Market Day for Heaven!"

The bells ring out a holy, holy peal;

That which thou stand'st in need of, go and buy—

Lest o'er the dial evening shadows steal,

And thou unfilled hast seen the hours pass by.

Lackest thou Hope? God's rainbow still appears
Spanning the gloomy clouds of sorrow's sky;
God's smile can form it 'mid thy falling tears—
Woes will unveil their faces ere they fly.

Or art thou proud? go buy Humility
Of Him who cradled in the manger laid —
Who suffered on the ignominious tree —
And like a child of earth trod Death's dark shade.

Lackest thou Charity, dost thou behold

But vulgar filthiness in starving woe?

Dost call him *Brother* who is hungry, cold,

Paying the poor the debt thou God dost owe?

Hast thou no Faith, believing earthly lore,
But doubting that which tells of God and Heaven?
Ask that in prayer thy intellect gives o'er,
And as a child receive the message given.

Say'st thou, I'm poor, no money thou need'st give,
Thy weekly earnings are for outward life—
So cheap the Heavenly Bread that all may live!
Then turn thee now from six days' toil and strife,

And, while the bells ring out their holy peal,

That which thou stand'st in need of, go and buy;

Lest o'er the dial evening shadows steal,

And thou unfilled hast seen the hours pass by!

WHAT IS IT TO BE RELIGIOUS?

If 'tis to love a dim old church

Better than forest, bough, or sky;

Where flowers bloom, and wild birds perch,

Then am not I —

If 'tis to raise four prayers a week,

Hear others' praise ascending by,

Within one place my God to seek,

Then am not I —

If 'tis a lengthy creed to say,

To which a weekly life gives lie,

By printed forms statedly pray,

Then am not I;

If 'tis a fellow soul to shun, Because in rags 'tis passing by — Which men read poverty and run!
Then am not I —

If 'tis to scorn a fellow soul

Fallen from its estate once high —

While my own spirit is not whole!

Then am not I.

If 'tis to boast of noble birth,

(Which never means God's family!)

To rank men by their money's worth,

Then am not I.

But if it means a soul who grieves
For sin, seeks immortality!
Teachings from God daily receives—
May it be I!

If it be one who loveth all,

Whose ear attends the humblest cry,
(As God doth heed the sparrow's fall!)

Giveth, although his mite be small—

May it be I!

"ECCE HOMO."

Behold the man! upon his brow

The cruel thorns are rankling deep—
But his mild eyes his spirit show,

And still their gentle radiance keep.

Deep is the agony that brings

Thick drops of blood and anguish there;
But deeper woe within him springs,

A heavier cross his soul must bear.

Where are the strong? whose strength he gave —
The weak? whose impotence he healed —
Why fly they not their Lord to save,
Who once in adoration kneeled?

Where the once blind? whose sight he brought—Can they behold his woe unmoved?

Where the disciples he hath taught?

All fled! (save him whom Jesus loved.)

Afar, far off they stand aloof!

Is this the King their pride has known?

Why give not now the final proof?

And bid on high appear his throne?

Beneath the cross there standeth one
Beholding not the King of kings —
The mother only sees her son,
Her love 'mid shame the closer clings!

And not unmindful of her then,

('Mid agony none e'er may know,)

He sought her future comfort, when

The dews of death were on his brow.

Oh holy One, shall men still strive
With futile words to fix thy name;
When thou dost wait to see them live
Meekly, like thee, mid wrong and shame?

Oh holy Love! that through this life
Unrecognized, could day by day
Mix with its dust and worldly strife,
And through the grave prepare the way.

Death on thy love no shadow lays —

Before thine earthly love grows dim —

A feeble star in morning's rays —

A bubble dashed from ocean's brim.

THE EARTH PILGRIM.

Arouse thee, Pilgrim! though the summer air

Be filled with sweetness, and the cool south wind
With its soft fingers layeth back thy hair,

And sleep with dreamy spell would seek to bind,

Slumber thou not!

Though mossy banks would woo thee to repose,
And shallow streams to slake thy thirst invite,
Though round thee bloom the lily and the rose
In bursting beauty on thy ravished sight,
Tarry not thou!

Onward and upward lies thy rugged way —

Darkness and gloom seem brooding o'er thy path;

But round you mountain's top bright sunbeams play,

And star-lit eyes beam through the tempest's

wrath;

Press onward thou!

ŕ,

A round thy path oftimes bright flowers shall cling,

To give refreshment to thy wearied eye;

From seeds which thou did'st sow in life's young

spring,

And deemed forgotten as thou passed them by; They will arise!

When to the narrow gate they footsteps come,

Be not faint hearted, though the way be dim;

Nor with the earthly cloud the heavenly home,

But feel thy trust and hope are still with Him—

God, who is near!

"THIS MAN WAS ALSO WITH HIM!"

Thou also wast with Him! I saw thee go round
Where the dwellings of wretchedness, hunger,
abound;

Where the closet was bare, and the hearth-stone was cold;

Giving hope to the young, and supporting the old.

Thou also wast with Him! thou wert in the cell,
Where crime and its punishment closely must dwell;
I heard thee there telling of freedom above,
There striving to ransom the spirit by Love.

Thou also wast with Him! I saw round thy knee, The bright heads of children, whose eyes earnestly Looked up with a pure trusting faith to thine own; And I saw, as of old, Christ's blessing come down. Thou also wast with Him! thou preacher of Right! Whose sword is of truth, who hast fought the good fight;

Who hast left the dead Past with its dry bones to lie —

When Humanity needeth thy succor hard by.

Thou also wast with Him! Believer in Peace!

Future time shall behold, what thy Faith now views,

cease;

And the Song of the Angels once more men shall hear,

Which now, even now, rings its chime in thine ear.

Thou also wast with Him! Repentant of Sin!

The peace in thine eyes tells me where thou hast been;

Thy downfall, thy conflict, misgivings are o'er — With the voice of thy Saviour, "go sin thou no more!"

176 "THIS MAN WAS ALSO WITH HIM!"

O, would that to all, when the night groweth dim,
Angel voices might say, "ye were also with Him!"
As ye lightened earth's woes, as ye strove to set free
The souls of the *least!* so ye did it to Me!

THE CHOICE.

THERE was a child of sorrow, (who is not?)
Aged, and sinking to his last repose;
His life with bitter teachings had been fraught
Till but one thought within his spirit rose,
The hope of Heaven!

And as he journeyed onward to his grave,
Eternity was whispering in his ear,
Bidding him drop Time's hand, who would but save
Him for new trials; while his heart to cheer
To her was given!

Her voice was pleasant, for it told of rest—
Not that of indolence, but rest from sin!
It spoke of toil whose labors should be blest,
Not all unrecompensed as here they'd been—
It told of Peace!

It spoke of friends whose souls had passed before,
Whose spirits beckoning would bid him come,
To breathe new happiness upon that shore,
Where they had found a bright, eternal home!
Then did it cease.

His hand was out-stretched to be placed within

Eternity's, but lo! veiled is her face!

And shrinking back to woe, and pain, and sin,

The soul, though sad, forlorn, clung to its place,

Its home on earth.

But bright-eyed Faith with its far-seeing power,
Eternity's dark veil bade it look through;
And lo! its God was with it in the hour,
When earth was fading from its feeble view,
And knew its worth!

SELF REVELATION.

"May God reveal every one to himself, and then may He save us from despair!"

REVEAL me to myself! e'en though it be A gloomy picture, an o'erwhelming sight; And from the canvas I in wild affright Must start! or bow myself in deep humility. And can it be that I have e'er denied A cup of water, Holy One, to Thee? Have seen unmoved Thy want and poverty, My heart shut up in selfishness and pride? Thee naked have I seen, and clothed Thee not? The King of Heaven a homeless man on earth — Nor welcomed Thee unto my blazing hearth, Because in purple Thou could'st not be brought? Thee have I seen in prison, to death condemned; Nor ministered, nor striven to set Thee free? Thou who did'st die for me on Calvary! And can I think or hope to call Thee friend?

Thee in earth's meanest children have I seen, Thine image traced 'neath misery and woe? Found in the weeping way, 'twas Thine to know, The patient suffering where Thou had'st Thy throne? Have I accepted life because 'twas given, Ungrateful and unmindful of its aim? Forgetting Thou to show the way e'er came, By which my wandering steps might turn to heaven? Have I oft thought of death as of a friend,— Of a new world, a happier one than this,— Nor my soul fitted for that higher bliss? Begun on earth the life that ne'er shall end? Reveal me to myself, e'en though it be A gloomy picture, an o'erwhelming sight; And from the canvas I in wild affright Must start! or bow myself in deep humility!

TIME'S SCENES.

METHOUGHT I saw Time stopping
Where children were at play;
Forgetting to turn his hour-glass,
Watching them joyous, gay;
Forgetting his scythe to sharpen
To cut down life's spring flowers;
And his heart began to soften,
Like earth's breast after showers.

But the rosy, graceless children
Cried out, "Old Time, begone!
Hasten and bring our manhood
Swiftly, more swiftly on:
Your dull old scythe quick sharpen,
Reverse your empty glass;
And bid the laggard hours
In quick procession pass!"

Time turned away in sadness —
But ere he went he laid
His hand on curls so golden,
That graced each lad and maid;
And sunshine played more dimly'
Upon the shining hair,
But Time's hand pressed so lightly,
They knew not it was there.

Methought I saw Time gazing

Where two young lovers met;

And both with him were pleading

His errand to forget;

Fresh flowers around his hour-glass

The young girl joyous twined,

"Forget Me Not," and "Maidens' Blush,"

The golden sands to bind:

But Time replied in sorrow,
"I once like you was young;
And round the earth in Eden,
Like a warm mist I hung;

The earth in vernal beauty,
And I in youthful prime;
The earth still blooms as ever,
But I am gray, old Time!

Methought I saw Time, leading
Along an aged man,
Who cried, "O leave me, leave me!"
But still Time faster ran:
And the weak step grew feebler,
Upon earth's rocky floor;
But still Time's pace ne'er slackened,
Till at the grave's dark door,

He said, "here will I leave thee!

Eternity I greet;

Eternity, my brother,

'Tis only here we meet!

Receive this passing mortal;

Lead him a pleasant way;

Bring him beside green pastures,

Where living waters play;

No cross upon his shoulders,
No care upon his brow;
Heaven's blessedness for weariness
Give the Immortal now!
And if a thought of earth-life
Steal though his endless years,
May he renew its gladness,
Forget its pain-wrung tears!"

THE UNKNOWN CHRIST.

Thou wert beside us on our daily way,

And we perceived not Thy benignant eyes;

Nor marked Thee stop, earth's sorrows to allay,

Reaching the wretchedness that lowest lies.

Careless we walked, nor saw the blind receive

The sight of things their inward eyes knew not;

The famished multitudes by Thee were fed,

And we of living bread no morsel sought.

We gazed upon the dead, and saw the tomb Seal up its treasures from our weeping eyes; Nor felt Thy glory shine amid the gloom, Nor heard Thy voice say to the soul, "Arise!"

Women we saw, bowed down for eighteen years, Who 'neath their cross, a patient spirit wore; Nor knew Thine eye had rested there with ours, And Thy compassion half their burden bore.

Or, when the Sea of Life in storms rose high,
While heavy surges swept us at their will,
And calm arose; we knew not Thou wert nigh,
Walking the waves and saying, "Peace, be still!"

And when the sick and weary round Thee came

To hear Thy tenderness and love revealed;

We pressed not through the crowd to touch Thy

robe,

And of our long-borne anguish to be healed.

For Thou unknown the earth hast wandered o'er,
The gorgeous fanes we reared for Thee passed by!
We sought Thee not in earth's low places, where
Thy ministry, now, as of old, doth lie!

THE OLD INDIAN WOMAN.

[Passing through the small town of Macachara, I made 'Jose' ask an Indian woman, scatcd on the side of the street, how old she was? She answered one hundred years, God bless you, and "very poor!"]

Long time to bear Life's burden;
To watch the seasons pass,
The snow-wreath on the mountain,
The sunlight on the grass.
To faint in days fierce scorching,
Shiver in night winds cold;
And still Earth's hand be grasping
With firm, unloosing hold.

Upon the dusty road-side

To seek thy daily bread,
Until in yearly marches,
A Century had fled!
Till Life's cold, cheerless winter,
Shed whiteness on thy hair,

And earth looked strangely on thee, Nor seemed for thee to care.

An hundred yearly harvests,

No plenty brought for thee!

The mountain's golden treasure,

Helped not thy poverty!

But at the last sure summons,

A pilgrim forth thou'lt go,

Bearing the same within thee,

Earth's richest child may know!

For that we brought nought hither,
And nothing carry forth,
Is true but of the outward!
The soul shall bear its worth,
Its mem'ry, its experience,
Its love, its active mind;
And what for Heaven it gathers,
In Heaven 'twill surely find!

THE FIRST GREEN LEAVES.

QUIETLY in life the green leaf coming,
Unfolds its surface smooth in Spring's warm air;
Birds welcome it with songs, and bees with humming;
Not e'en creation saw it look more fair.

Brightly within its mirror glows the sunshine,
And rain-drops slide, like elfin troops, down hill;
Or with a pearly fringe its serrate edge line,
Like tiny field encircled by a rill.

Bending above it, Eve, with dusky tresses,
Reflects the lustre of her starry crown;
Like silver mitred priest, the new moon blesses
The year's first vernal robe, soft glancing down.

Zephyrs are whispering to the new-born stranger, Striving to rend it from the parent tree; Who throws her arms around, mindful of danger, And e'en in Autumn, grieves to set it free;

Decking it then in yellow, orange, scarlet,
Feeding its veins from her own failing sap;
And when cold, chilling winds the victory get,
Casting it torn and sere on earth's damp lap.

Lonely, bereaved, the tree breaks forth in wailing,
While at her feet the dead unburied lies —
Till winter comes in icy-sheeted mailing,
(The year's old sexton,) at the sad bewailing,
And bids a white stone o'er the lost one rise.

THE SLUMBERING SOUL.

The seasons come and go, and we remain;

Because our spring has brought not forth its flowers;

Because our summer sheds not o'er the plain

The golden, bending grain of earnest hours:

Sorrow has watered hopes with frequent tears,
Sunshine has glimmered on the heart and home;
Yet the perfection of the soul appears
Like a late harvest, slowly still to come.

The seasons come and go, and we remain;
The dry, decaying tree, is dying still;
No fertilizing compost fills the plain;
And man forgets the waiting earth to till.

The forest grows before the clearing's made;

The garnered seed hath sprouts that should be green;

The virgin earth awaits the rusting spade;
Rauk waves the grass where young crops should
be seen.

Wake! ere the rising sap forgets to flow, Ere life's wild forest dons its crimson leaf; Within th' expectant earth the good seed sow, Rememb'ring ever that the season's brief.

Wake! ere the winter of our age comes on,

And life's soft winds forever have passed by;

Life's melodies like summer birds have gone;

And cold, entranced, like earth, the soul doth lie!

TO A MEMORY.

What dost thou here, within the mind still lingering
Like some sweet, half-forgotten music-strain;
As though Time's hands were busy fingering
The key-notes of the brain?

Or thou art like some skilful Painter, trying

To bring to light some picture dim and old,

That held of eld, though long 'neath heart-damps lying,

Beauty within its fold.

Why wilt thou paint me eyes that long hath slumbered,

And lips that move again no more on earth?

Faces whose shadows death's dark stream has numbered;

Why give the past new birth?

Why oft renew the deep, impassioned longing;
The oft repeated, never answered dreams;
Bidding my early hopes come swiftly thronging
With bright though distant beams?

Why wilt thou mimic now the old bells' chiming;
The holier, calmer air of Sabbath day;
The grand old hymns, that seemed an angel's rhyming,

Or seraph's heaven-taught lay?

Why spread again the sky's blue dome o'erarching, Where childhood early found for Heaven a place; Saw in the white clouds, ransomed spirits marching, Leaving behind no trace?

Why show fair childhood's brow a halo wearing,
And Christ within the life but as a child?

Nor after years the daily cross firm bearing,
As pure and undefiled?

Haunt me no more with sunshine and with shadow;
The future all untrodden still doth lie;
High golden corn doth fill life's summer meadow,
And hope's soft wind glides by.

What though the shining grain the Reaper bideth,
Blooming and rip'ning but to fall and die?
In ev'ry ear the seed immortal hideth —
Seed for eternity!

WINTER THOUGHTS.

OLD trees, hold out your bare limbs to the snow;
Would none were bare in hovels dark and lone,
Shiv'ring as Winter's tempests rudely blow!
Would none save ye give forth a storm-wrung
moan!

Bright berry, lift your red cheeks to the air;
Would there were none purpled with want and cold!

Comfort might teach beauty like thine to wear,

To be like thee 'gainst stormy threatnings bold.

Dark clouds that flit across our winter sky,
Would there were none upon the needy home!
While men as Levites pass them careless by,
Nor think to their own hearths famine may come!

Take to thy breast, oh Earth, an icy veil,

(Cold as the garb man wraps around his heart!)

Deaf to rains' pelting tears, and storms' fierce wail,

Would brighter suns might bid them both depart!

THE SHOWER.

THE shower is o'er! and crowned
With rain-drops is each tree and budding spray,
As though heaven's latest angels shed around
The tears there wiped away!

The rain is o'er! behold

God's bow of promise bright'ning in the air,

As fresh as when the Deluge backward rolled,

His eovenant to deelare!

The shower is o'er! see how

The golden sunlight gilds the glist'ning leaves;

His spangled web amid the grasses low

Anew the spider weaves.

The rain is o'er! along
With new delight upon the moistened ground,

The earth-worm crawls; while the bird tunes his song With clearer, sweeter sound.

The flowers hang down their heads,
Like souls too full of happiness to speak —
Like children dreaming, in their garden beds,
Closing their blue eyes meek.

From wood and dell come forth Odors of brier and sweet-scented fern, As if in gratitude to heaven, the earth Would make a small return.

THIS MORTAL MUST PUT ON IMMORTALITY

As o'er the hills the sunny morning steals,
And night's dark purple shadows flee away,
While earth anew her loveliness reveals,
And God's voice still is heard to call it, Day;
So shall my spirit leave its robe of clay —
This mortal put on Immortality.

As on the breast of Spring the floweret lies,
Rememb'ring not the earth-cell whence it rose,
Receiving warmth and dew in fresh supplies,
So on thy love, O God, may I repose —
Forgetful of life's cares and trials, may
This mortal put on Immortality!

As from the cone, long tossed by winter's gales, Seemingly dry and dead, a worthless thing, A bright-winged creature issues forth, and hails
With newest sense of life the breath of spring;
'Thus freed from storms of earth, from suff'ring, may
This mortal put on Immortality!

When from a life debased by sense and sin,
Like self-freed slave, the spirit rallies strong,
And 'mid man's hardest trials doth begin
Henceforth to follow right, renounce the wrong,
Rising from darkest night to Heaven's own day,
This mortal puts on Immortality!

THE SICK MAN.

The heavy curtains folded hung,

To soften out the rays of light;

That no bright ray of sunny morn

Might fall across the rich man's sight.

And there he lay upon the bed;

Though down, it was a bed of pain.

No wife's kind hand supports his head—

For 'neath the sod she long hath lain;

E'er since the Spring's bright blossoms blown

To Summer flowers, were o'er her strown.

And for assistance he would ring,
But knows they'd come not at his call;
Below, his servants dance and sing;
With drunken songs resounds the hall.

Not one kind thought for him whose care

Hath clothed and fed for many a year,

No friends but self their thoughts now share,

While feasting o'er their drunken cheer.

Unheeded is the suff'rer's call,

Save by the One who hears us all.

While lying flushed with feverish pain,
Thinking himself without a friend,
Wild thoughts of darkness filled his brain:
Such thoughts as sorrow deep will lend.
While lying thus, there gently stole
Over his mind a heavenly calm;
Visions of glory o'er him roll,
And healing thoughts like Gilead's Balm;
And round his bed in radiance bright,
Stood angels with their crowns of light.

In one, he recognized his wife,Not by her eyes of brighest blue,Not by her floating golden curls,Nor by her cheeks of rose-bud hue;

But by her daily deeds of love!

Unbounded confidence and trust!

Things that ascend with us above,

That when the body seeks the dust

Lie not beneath the earth's cold sod,

But with the spirit soar to God.

They beckon him, that heavenly throng,

To wing his flight to brighter skies,

To join them in their seraph song,

And each to lure him upward tries:

Why should he stay, when nought remains

To breathe for him a parting sigh?

Death long hath loosed Affection's chains,

Love, Hope and Health, have passed him by.

To them his wasted hands are given,

With them he wings his flight to heaven.

LINES ON THE MAGDALENE.

PAINTED BY MRS. WESTON.

OH, frail and sinning,
Yet sweet and winning,
With taint of earth, yet not unloved of Heaven,
For Christ forgave thee!
He stooped to save thee—
Thou hadst loved much, and therefore wert forgiven!

Transparent growing,
Thy fair face showing,
With look of sadness in thy soft meek eyes,
Thy sands are numbered!
While thoughts that slumbered,
From early sinless days unbidden rise.

Thy tresses golden, Where oft of olden, A mother's lips with tearful fondness prest Her gentle kisses;

Thy poor heart misses

The voice that now, e'en now could lull to rest!

Thee, all forsaking,

Thy poor heart breaking,

Even despised by those who made thee sin!

Earth may not love thee—

But bent above thee,

Eternal love forgets what thou hast been!

The Shepherd calleth!

His kind voice falleth

Soft as the dew on foot crushed flower at even!

The bruised reed taking,

He is not breaking -

Thou hast loved much, and therefore art forgiven!

THE LAW OF GOD.

"THE Law divine!
Say not 'tis hidden, or afar removed!
Within 'twould shine,
If but its perfect work were known and loved."

Say not 'tis ours,

Though we so statedly to worship go,

And to the creed

As 'twere the Almighty's will submissive bow!

Say not 'tis ours,
While we as brethren round His table meet,
As strangers pass
In outer circles and the busy street!

Say not 'tis ours,'
Though we feed the poor — our substance give,

Nor know, nor ask, Have they the bread on which their souls must live?

Say not 'tis ours,

When we in frequent prayers, lip service make, And 'mid life's toils

No song of praise forth from our hearts doth break!

Say not 'tis ours,

When sorrow beats us earthward as the rain,

And unlike flowers,

We raise our faces not to Heaven again!

Say not 'tis ours,

While we our crosses bear because we must!

Nor meekly learn

When crushed to earth, the lesson in the dust.

Say not 'tis ours,

When we around one heart our love would bind,

And know not His,

Whose love embraceth all of human kind!

The Law of God!
Say not 'tis hidden or afar removed;
Seek it within!
There let its perfect work be known and loved.

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LINES ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

THE flower that dies at morning,
No stain of evening wears;
For the shell Life's Ocean stranded,
The heavenly Finder cares;
And the fair, white, fleecy cloudlet,
Its course the highest bears.

When stainless childhood dieth,
O turn ye not in gloom,
Saying, "Lo here he lieth"—
"The spirit hath no tomb;"
And within the Father's mansions
For Childhood there is room.

His voice within your dwelling Shall come to you no more, Nor on your ear his footsteps Shall echo from the floor;
No more your eyes, love-beaming,
Await him at the door.

His little garments round you
Shall wake your willing tears;
His little toys surround you,
The record of his years;
But for his future welfare
Have thou no earthly fears.

He who blessed little children
Hath not withdrawn his love;
The loved, Death maketh Angels
Around our path to move,
And though unseen, beside thee
Thy little one may rove.

Then weep ye not in sorrow

That he hath gone before;

For the shell Life's Ocean stranded

Hath found the eternal shore;

The morning flower transplanted

Shall meet with death no more.

THE PICTURE.

BEFORE his easel sat a Painter. Calm And thoughtful was the look of his dark eyes, As resting on the canvas they beheld What seemed to others beautiful, but not To him! It was the face men give to him Once called the Nazarene. Kindness shone forth From those mild eyes, speaking of him who gave Light to the blind, strengh to the impotent. The Painter gazed and felt it was the face Of a kind mortal, not the Son of God! And in his heart he sorrowed. Weariness And sadness filled his mind till they brought on A heavy slumber. A death-like paleness Settled on his broad white brow, shaded Lightly by his long dark locks; to his ear There came a sense of hearing erst unknown: And to his spirit's eye stood forth in light

Th' ideal of his picture which had dwelt Long in his soul, but which his canvas had But faintly shadowed forth. And thus it spoke: "Mortals may be portrayed by tints like these; But if the Son of God thou would'st portray, Thou shouldst have living colors. Follow me!" Then went they forth; from the blue sky they took A living blue. The dark earth with its sand Shaded to gold, gave forth a brilliant brown; The blushing flowers a crimson. They returned — Now the Painter worked by inspiration, Till awed by the strange beauty which had grown Upon the canvas, he turned in wonder To the Ideal; it had gone! but no — It beams out from the picture, — it is there! But the strength which bore him through is failing, And he sinks within his chair!

Morning comes.

The hour in which the Studio is thronged;
Men stand around the picture silently,
Awe-struck and solemn! So intent are they,
They think not of the Artist, till a voice

Exclaiming, "who hath done this?" startles them. They turn around and meet the gaze of him Who met them daily with a pleasant smile, But the fixed look of those dark glossy eyes Proclaims the solemn truth, the Artist gone! They turn them to the Picture. It would seem To them almost that it might raise the dead, It did so speak to them of Jesus Christ! And one exclaimed, "would He were here who could

With but one word restore our friend to life!"
Then wept they. But an aged man arose
And said, "He is here! and hath raised our friend
To an immortal life; and he is now
With him whom with his pencil and his life
He tried while here to imitate!"

LINES.

Shut up your flowers from the air of heaven,
In the close green house, and the garden bed;
Kind Nature to her children still hath given;
Her treasures rich o'er all the hills are spread.

No dusty road-side but the child may find Some blossom upward smiling to his eye; And well he knows the fields and wood are lined, Where'er his truant feet may chance to hie.

Few houses on the plain or hill-side steep,

But through the windows with the light of morn

Some fragrant flower with laughing face doth peep,

Still climbing sky-ward as for heaven 'twere born;

O, not unkindly were the brown seeds laid In earth's dark lonely cells away to rest; 216 LINES.

When flowers so beautiful from them are made;—
Formed by the One who doeth all things best.

And who shall say that Death is not a friend,

If from his couch our souls as fair shall rise?

Clothed with the spirit-robes God's hand will lend,

Ent'ring upon their heavenly destinies.

THE CHRISTIAN MOTHER AT THE GRAVE OF HER DEAD CHILD.

"Hope, Heaven, remain for Thee and me, They are not lost!"

Thou art not here, where oft I love to linger, Plucking the withered leaf and fading flower, As if near thee to stop Time's busy finger.

To me thy little grave becomes the portal,
The narrow entrance to thy glorious home,
Through which thine Innocence became Immortal.

Upon mine ears thy soft voice still is falling; That voice which chained me to its slightest sound Unto thy happy home my steps is calling.

If to thine outward beauty I have given Most of my care, forgive, that thou canst bear So little of my love with thee to Heaven.

Shall I not yield thee, dear one, to the Giver? And (not less mindful of thee,) cheer the rest? Feeling that thou art round me now as ever.

Though on my head Death's untold woe descendeth,
And sorrow's waves break heavy o'er my soul,
God through the storm the branch of olive sendeth,,
And I again am whole.

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE.

SEND back the Fugitive Slave,
Where the lemon and orange bloom,
And the Planters' road to wealth
Runs through the poor man's tomb?

Send back the Fugitive Slave?

Where Childhood knows no Spring;
But a rude hand roughly tears

From its path each holy thing!

Send back the Fugitive Slave?
Where Love may know no tie;
But the vicious at his will
The purest heart may buy!

Send back the Fugitive Slave?

Where the hand that grows the grain

(Though it give its life-long toil!)

Can but swell the Planter's gain!

Return the Fugitive Slave

Where wretchedness finds no home,
Knows no refuge, but the grave—

No hope but a life to come!

Return the Fugitive? yes,

When the heart forgets its ties—

When the arm hath lost its strength,

And the soul her God denies!

Return the Fugitive? yes,

When the Pilgrims' mem'ries sleep—

When our Fathers are forgot,

And no hearts their brave deeds keep!

Return the Fugitive! no!

If, when death our souls shall bear

As Fugitives up to God,

We would meet with Freedom there!

